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The Bystander, January 26, 1916.—No. 634. Vol. XLIX

The BYSTANDER

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

BY THE EDITOR

The Week Summarised

LAST week's great contributions to the ultimate certain crushing of the enemy were the passage through Committee of the Compulsion Bill, the enrolment in the flesh of the first four Derby classes, the withdrawal of the surrender of Montenegro, and the arrival of the French Ministers for yet another War Council in London. On the actual fronts, no definite actions seem to have taken place elsewhere than in the indecisive air, though I understand the task of killing Boches in the West is proceeding with agreeable persistence.

⁂ ⁂

A Healthy Sign

THE Bill is really getting on quite nicely, and hardly any amendments seem to have been insisted on by their movers, while Labour seems to have been curiously coy in its menaces. It would be simply splendid if the Bill got right through, and into working order, without any trouble at all, for then the enemy would realise for the first time that Britain is united. The mark would make another graceful dive downwards, Prince Bülow would again be reported taking the cure at Lucerne, and—I don't know exactly in what other ways the enemy would show his great concern, but no doubt somehow. Anyway, the prospective addition of another million to our fighting forces by this time next year, though the German military critics may pretend it will have no military effect, does show that our rulers regard the prospect of a prolonged campaign, regardless of expense, with profound composure.

⁂ ⁂

Vested Interests

WAR, you see, has now become with our ruling classes, a sort of vested interest, like land and liquor, and any tendency to curtail it is naturally resented and called "unpatriotic." So many people at home are doing so very well out of the butchery business abroad that the prospect of having to give it up is by no means an agreeable one. Besides, the ending of the War means the asking of an infernal number of infernally awkward questions—Gallipoli, for instance!

"WROPPED IN MYSTERY"

M. Briand, the French Premier, leaving the Ritz Hotel to attend one of the Conferences of the Allied War Council held in London last week, and at which we are told—probably with perfect truth—that "many questions of general interest were approached," and that "what decisions, if any, were reached, must obviously be regarded as secret." But why the "if any"?

⁂ ⁂

Nikita the Wily

AS to Montenegro, at whose inspiration did the wily old King first climb down and then, with ape-like agility, climb up again? Probably when the full story is told we shall have reason to regard Nikita with even more admiration—of a kind—than hitherto, discovering him to be up to even Mr. Bottomley's standard as head of a "Business" Government.

⁂ ⁂

Russia's Job, Not Ours

ITALIAN Press comment has been either silent or censored. Such as has been allowed to come through shows a desire on the part of our Latin Allies to prove that the whole responsibility rests once again with our poor old selves. Once again, apparently, it was up to *us* to "save Serbia," and because we did not do it, obviously it would have been hopeless to attempt to save Montenegro. To which, once again defiant of current cant, I repeat: Serbia was the special *protégée* of Russia in the war, and not of Britain and France. Our little charge was poor Belgium. To save Serbia was the duty of the Great Power by whose inspiration Serbia conducted the policy that led to the outbreak of the war. In July, 1914, Sir E. Grey made it about as plain as a pikestaff to all and sundry that for Serbia alone, Britain would not engage in the war at all. That Russia's military failures let the Huns loose on her little Slavonic ally was unfortunate for Russia and Serbia, but it was no fault of the Western Allies.

⁂ ⁂

Serbia's Choice

IF Serbia had taken our advice, and handed over Macedonia to Bulgaria a year ago, she would at present be enjoying not only independence, but powerful support. Her war-mongers willed otherwise, and she is taking the consequences. True enough,

(*Continued on page 134*)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*continued from page 133*)

we ought, if we intended ever to give her any assistance, to have sent enough of it in time and not, as usual, too little and too late. But that is, I imagine, the fault of our military and not our diplomatic authorities.

⁂ ⁂

John Bull Limited

As to Italy, she has proclaimed it to be her desire to make the Adriatic an "Italian lake." She regarded Mount Lovchen as essential to the control of the Bocche de Cattaro. Austria has been at war with Montenegro since August, 1914, and that some time or another she would assault Mount Lovchen was a contingency to be taken into account by Italy, regardless altogether of anything that happened farther East. It was not of special interest to the Western Allies who possessed Mount Lovchen: no British statesman in full possession of his senses would have sent to its defence a single Territorial. The sooner public opinion in this country begins to understand that our responsibility both for this war, and for the conduct thereof, is *limited* and not unlimited, the better our chance of getting through it with our heads in the air. We are not a sort of European Whiteley, universal provider of small armies to the whole world.

⁂ ⁂

No More Side-Shows

I am glad to find myself in close agreement with the *Times* in this respect. "Let us," urges Colonel Repington, "be quit of our wander-year, and get back, with no more relapses, to the main business in hand"—the winning of the war on the Western Front.

AN ARCTIC EXPLORER AND HIS CHARMING BRIDE

Commander Evans, R.N., of Scott Expedition fame, and Miss Elsa Ardvord, a beautiful Norwegian girl, whose wedding took place at Christ Church, Westminster, last Saturday. The bride was known as the belle of Christiania

⁂ ⁂

French Forcefulness

Down Salonica way, General Ginger (Sarrail), having had a job given him to do, no matter whether it is a good job or a bad one, seems to be doing it with all his might. Obviously, however, the various high-handed actions against Greece—seizure of Consuls, and islands, miscellaneous landings here and there, and blowing up of expensive bridges—are French and not British.

⁂ ⁂

"Pot Luck"

And the latest War Council? Once again we learned of the sudden arrival of French Ministers, diplomats, officials, etc., in London, and once again, apparently, the arrival was unexpected by their ever-delighted hosts. (Mr. Bonar Law, you may have noted, apologised for his absence from the Reid luncheon, through "unexpected business.") Anyhow, the authorities seem to have been able to provide "pot luck" in the shape of a big official dinner at Lancaster House at very short notice. [What, by the way, is the "Government Hospitality Committee" which was responsible for the entertainment?]

⁂ ⁂

One Direction—

Once again, the usual formula is set forth to account for the visits—the meeting was "to assure perfect co-ordination in the prosecution of the war." Dear, dear, how well we seem to be getting to know that phrase! And to think that "perfect co-ordination" should still be *in need* of "securing," in this the eighteenth month of the Great War. A Paris message dots the "i's" and crosses the "t's":—"While neither is desirous of accepting Austria's position of vassaldom towards an Ally, much can and will be done to place both military and diplomatic control under a common direction."

⁂ ⁂

—But Whose?

Excellent, but *whose*? That is the terrible problem. Ours being an ancient and haughty race, well-known for its insular independence, I daresay certain obstinate people in London would object to placing the control of our forces and our policy in the hands of even the most beloved of French Governments, especially in view of the brief life in this world which is usually here their portion. Our Asquiths and Greys may be awful blunderers, but Heaven does seem to have endowed them with the elixir of life.

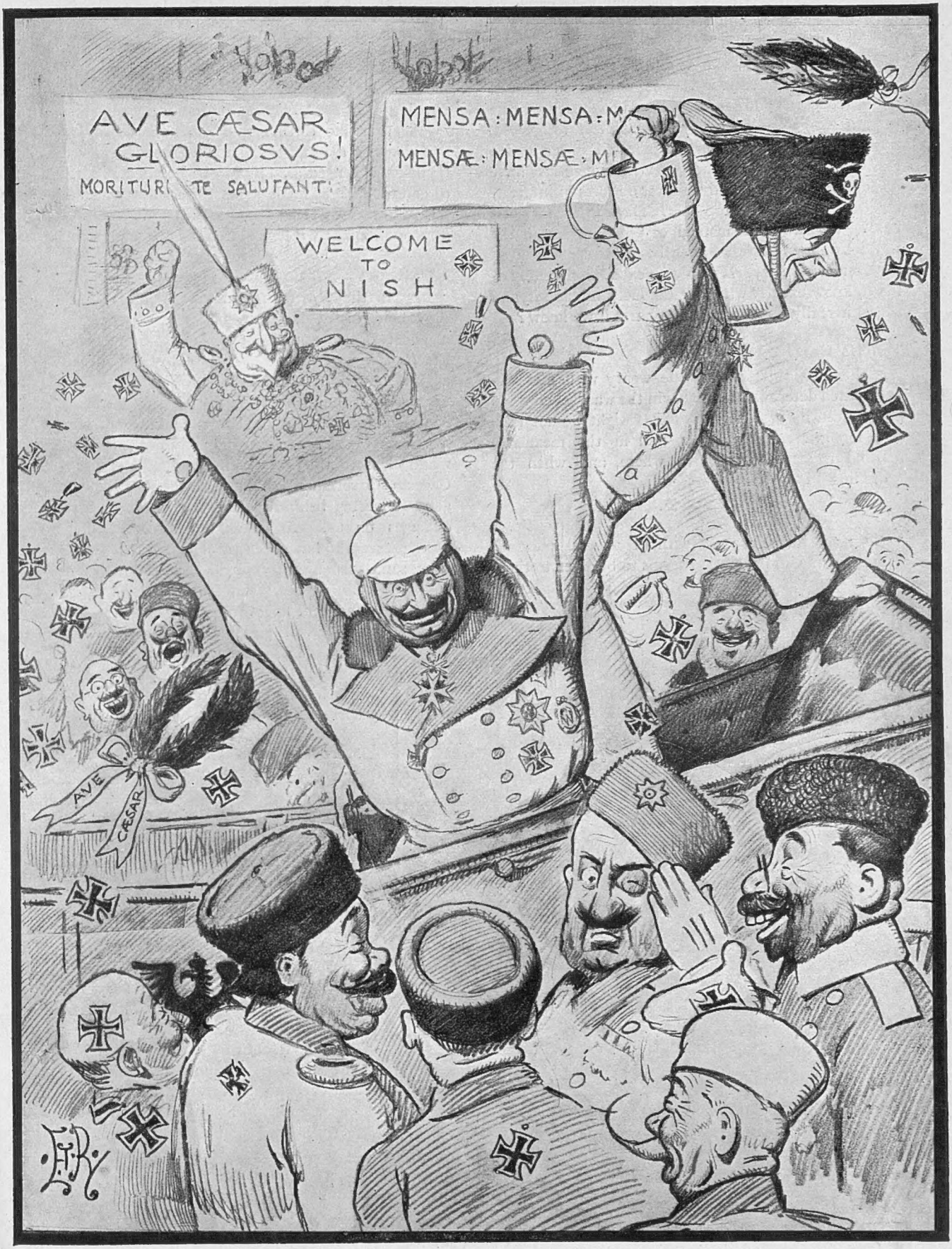
⁂ ⁂

Terms and Conditions

The gift of memory may also be theirs, by which they are enabled to remark, when asked to place Britain under the direction of an Ally, that Britain came into the war by the pressing request of her Allies, and on well-understood terms as to her liabilities, and that the decision as to how far she should extend those liabilities must rest with herself. I repeat that the sooner it is realised that our responsibility for the conduct of this war is limited the sooner we shall concentrate on the real task.

(*Continued on page 136*)

Not the "Battle of Flowers" at Nice—



—But the Flowers of Battle and Rhetoric at Nish

Iron Crosses and Field-Marshals' batons flew about freely for several hours, and Ferdy, in his exuberance, broke out into Latin and addressed William with the time-honoured greeting, "Ave, Imperator," forgetting evidently that, as every schoolboy knows, the remainder of the sentence is "morituri te salutant." He also dubbed him "Gloriosus" with quite unintentional accuracy, for "gloriosus" does not mean "glorious," but "boastful." However, William's knowledge of Latin was apparently no greater than Ferdy's, and he was very happy

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 134)

What of the Colonel?

AND Colonel House? Possibly the name is unfamiliar to you. But it is creeping into odd corners of our papers. He is an American Colonel, and the "intimate friend" of Mr. Wilson. He has been over here lately for a bit, and in the middle of last week was announced, in an odd corner, to have booked his passage for Rotterdam and Berlin. One was most interested, because, having had tea and dinner and so forth with many people of importance over here, he must have been in a position to tell the Kaiser all sorts of interesting little tit-bits of town talk. Then, in another odd corner, we learn that instead of going to Berlin the Colonel went to Paris, apparently on the same train as the French Ministry. It would be exceedingly interesting to know exactly what the Colonel's mission is, and would it really do so very much harm if we knew?

⁂ ⁂

Tell Us How

Is the public getting a little weary with mere reiterated determination to "win the war," even when pronounced by high personages? Might we not take that for granted, for a bit, and in the meantime be told a little as to how, where, and when the "winning" is to be done?

⁂ ⁂

The "Baralong"

WHAT should we do without neutral papers? So much information seems to be given to them that is not allowed to native sheets. For instance, everybody has been asking everybody else for weeks past the question "What really happened on the *Baralong?*" The Germans plastered the whole world with accusations against the British Navy of cold-blooded butchery, and threatened reprisals, from which millions of innocent people presumed they meant to make further raids on poor old London. Well, we are a cool people, and are ready as ever to be bombed if needful. But to be bombed as a result of certain charges made against the Navy which have not been refuted seemed at least a trifle gratuitous to owners of bodies, wives, children, houses, and suchlike.

⁂ ⁂

The Real Culprits

UNTIL the *Aftenposten* man of Christiania got hold of it, however, nobody over here had a ghost of a notion that the "murders" on the *Baralong* were committed not by British sailors at all, but by the infuriated American muleteers whose ship had been sunk by the intrepid U boatmen—which is just what you would expect American muleteers to do. Possibly if this had been made clear to the Germans in the first instance the German Government might not have had such a good Reichstag behind it when it threatened further outrages on us. At the moment of writing, no outrages seem to have been reported. But if they had been, some responsibility would certainly rest on our authorities, who could have saved innocent lives from murder by the simple process of giving the lie to the German allegations. Also, they would have cleared the British Navy of a stigma which Englishmen do not like even to suspect.

THE OPTIMISTS

NEWSVENDOR NO. 1: "Nice mornin' this mornin'!"
NEWSVENDOR NO. 2: "Yus, very pleasant for the time o' year!"

⁂ ⁂

More Nails Wanted

Is it rebellious, disloyal, or unpatriotic to suggest that there is a little too much clever undergraduate humour about our repartees to German indictments, and that when a lie is told it would be better to nail it than to joke about it?

⁂ ⁂

The Loss of British Aeroplanes

"How do you account for these losses?" asked a BYSTANDER man of a member of one of our Flying Corps. "Oh," said the latter," the enemy machines come up from behind at a great height and shoot us down. The noise of our own engines prevents our hearing them, and, of course, we don't see them—not having eyes in the back of our heads." "What's the matter with mirrors?" asked the BYSTANDER representative. "Most of you flying chaps have been motorists, and know the value of mirrors on cars. Why not adopt them on your aeroplanes?" But that had not been thought of. The experts apparently have ignored, as experts will, the obvious remedy for such difficulties, seeking rather for some highly technical and less simple means of combating them.

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *January* 24, 1916

DEAR COUSIN—

IN case you might be thinking that it's all "cushiness" for our men once they're home wounded and the heroes of the hour, this is how some wounded officers "enjoyed" the hospitality of a *nouveau riche* baronet, determined to be in the movement, who's put a floor of a wing of his sumptuous place somewhere in England at the disposal of the W.O.

—"'Where blue-haired, curly-eyed Tempy. Sec. Lieuts. are inveigled by sirens in small hats and short skirts'"

WHAT was made clearest to them was that whatever happened they weren't to "presume." Their position was rather like the governess's—seen-but-not-heard, speak-when-you're-spoken-to, be-thankful-for-a-kind-word sort of thing. Guests came and went and with the family went shooting and motoring, and all the rest of it. But the only amusement offered the officers was billiards, and they didn't care to go on with that after the butler had warned them off once or twice when there was a chance of the family or guests wanting to play.

"OH, yes, lovely food and a gorgeous house, and all that sort of thing," they told me, "but we simply hated it, and longed to be in an ordinary military hospital." Not the least boring part to a convalescent, apparently, was the wearing feeling that you'd got to say "Thanks awfully" to your hostess every time you met her in the hall or anywhere.

AND what made the feeling of constraint all the worse was that you couldn't get out without a struggle. There were four cars, a Rolls-Royce and two others *de luxe*, but only an old Ford was—only sometimes—at the service of the officers.

BUT, of course, nothing of that kind that ever happens in England is quite in the same street with the things our wounded from Suvla Bay had to go through at Lemnos, where the hurt men lay in the most primitive of tent hospitals—while the good ship *Aragon*, with its priceless cargo of Brass Hats, rode at anchor in that heavenly harbour, which is Mudros Bay.

WE'RE a wonderful people for organisation, aren't we? Everything on the *Aragon* was done simply top-hole. Butter on ice, your tea in a little silver pot—you couldn't have done yourself much better at the Savoy. But it wasn't, of course, quite so easy to fix things up on the mainland.

HERE there were no nurses, not even any R.A.M.C., but convalescent Tommies managed really very well, considering, though the lack of all hospital appliances was naturally rather a drawback, and bully beef and dry bread and pot tea aren't, perhaps, the ideal diet for very sick or badly wounded men—gave some of them dysentery, I believe, at sight.

BUT the shortage of proper food wasn't in some ways so annoying as the fact that the pay got held up, too, sometimes, and once at Lemnos there was almost a sort of a small mutiny when some villagers came along with tempting fruit and the men hadn't a penny to buy it with. It worried the officers, too, and one of them went over to the *Aragon* about it. They were sorry there—it hadn't arrived from Alexandria—got forgotten somehow—and would he stay to lunch, price 2*s.* 6*d.*?

(Continued on page 138)

"What a strenuous job leave is, sometimes, isn't it? No wonder they quite look forward to a rest-cure in the trenches"

STILL, they really quite missed her, that saucy ship *Aragon*, when she disappeared—"gone aground on soda-water bottles," someone said. Riding on those blue waters, so trim and taut, she was always a sight for sore eyes and a memory to be cherished, and the last words of those left behind to those who came away was always "Remember the *Aragon*."

⁂ ⁂

THERE'S been some amusement too, I believe, amongst the fighting men at a few of the pictures the papers here have published of gallant warriors (mostly noble, too), taken in very workmanlike get-up, outside their dug-outs. According to a just ordinary soldierman who faced the Turks instead of the camera, that was about the only time they ever *did* get outside—on their feet! Hands and knees and keep-your-head-down was their pet way of getting around.

"So I've sent them a cake"

⁂ ⁂

NOT that funk matters, of course—everybody gets that. But most people force themselves to do things in spite of it. And would rather be shot than photo'ed if they hadn't.

⁂ ⁂

BUT whatever happened or didn't happen, "cheery" was the word all the time. "Everyone was so cheery out there. We were doing all we could, you see, and there was an end of it." And everyone, too, joined in praise of one General, anyway. "Mahon was really fine. He worked and faced danger with his men—not like lots of them, who stayed in safety on board ship!"

⁂ ⁂

TALKING of the Mediterranean-ites, the sailormen down there who jibed at those nearer home 'cos they get "their leave and strawberries in season and all," have fairly drawn the North Sea-ites. "At least they're in strange lands and warm climates," write H. H. and T. T. from H.M.S. *C*——, "and have had more than their share of physical instead of moral *strafe*-ing. And anyway, too, they've met Antoinette (*Do* put that in, Blanche. It's a shaft that'll strike home.) *We've* been here in the most desolate part of the British Isles, since May, and haven't even *seen* a local skirt. And they talk about regular leave!!!!"

⁂ ⁂

APROPOS of leave, what a strenuous job it is sometimes, isn't it? No wonder they get back perfect wrecks, some of them, quite looking forward to a rest-cure in the trenches. Here's only a bit of an on-leave programme just suggested to me. "Let's have lunch somewhere. What about the Savoy grill? I know the nobleman who walks up and down and runs the place. Now what about a matinée? Let's be thoroughly young and go to *Peter Pan*. Splendid!

⁂ ⁂

"NOW, what next? Tea, of course. I know, let's go to the Four Hundred. You know, Ye Olde 400 Clubbe, one of the most exclusive clubs in Europe. Of course it's—well, I hardly like to say it—but (hush) a night club. Ssh! You know, one of those places where the blue-haired, curly-eyed Tempy. Sec. Lieuts. are inveigled by sirens in small hats and short skirts.

⁂ ⁂

"AND when there, what happens? Ah! They dance! Yes, really. And not only that, they drink! Lemonade!! Bottles and bottles of it!!! And night club cup (5*s*. a glass), jugs and jugs of it!!!!! All pink, and with bits of lemon and grass and other wild intoxicants in it. No wonder we can't win this war. Rome at its worst never had orgies like these.

⁂ ⁂

"LET'S go there, Blanche. Let's be dare-devils. And bring Helen. Let her also be a dare-deviline. I'll tell you why. I always get into mufti when on leave. Suppose I met her suddenly in Bond Street. She'd say to herself, 'Look at that great hulking, healthy slacker. See the cringing way he avoids my anything-but-glad eye. I must remember to draw him as one of my background figures.'

⁂ ⁂

"YOU know what I mean—those wretched people in mufti who slink about at the back of her pictures looking in a longing, but shamefaced way, at a group consisting of a beauteous damsel in short skirts between a hero in khaki with a toothbrush moustache and a paladin in blue and gold with nothing—I mean clean-shaven. That'd be a nice thing, wouldn't it? My friends would write and say—'Me lad, you've deceived us. We thought you were doing your bit in France, whereas you're nothing but a B.B. (BYSTANDER Backgrounder).'

"The skirts get shorter and shorter—soon there will be knees on view"

⁂ ⁂

"HAVING had lunch and tea and stepped it on the parquet, we must be quite ready for dinner. Now I insist on a band for dinner. We didn't have

(Continued on page 140)

Diana of the (Red) Cross Ways

Photograph *Malcolm Arbuthnot*

A NEW PORTRAIT OF LADY DIANA MANNERS

The versatile daughter of the Duchess of Rutland. Lady Diana spends the whole of her time in helping to raise funds for the Red Cross and various other war charities. She recently organised a most successful concert in aid of the Church Army war work

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded from page 138)

one for lunch. It's no good being *blasé* and saying you're tired of hearing a violinist who you could have sworn was an Austrian eighteen months ago, droning out 'They didn't believe me' for the hundredth time. That's just what we come home for. Well, anywhere you like; but a band. Then a cheery revue and supper. Oh, tophole. And wear all your nicest dresses, won't you, Blanche?"

⁂ ⁂

By the way, I've had an offer. A new hat or a hundred cigars to disclose whether I'm a man or a woman to one who has been twice branded by the Boche and is now being fatted up ready for more. I hate refusing a "dear wounded" anything, so—well, if he makes it *both*, I might tell him. But—p'raps it'd better be cigarettes instead of cigars.

⁂ ⁂

And a request. A very cool one, from the gunroom mess of H.M.S. *Hotstuff* (that isn't her real name, but it fits all right), who see with sorrow, they say, that some of those fellows in khaki have doubts as to my sex. They have none, and to show their confidence ask me to confute these doubting Thomases by making a cake for their Cake Competition, "when we shall, if possible, love you even more than we do now."

⁂ ⁂

It would be a pity to blight their modest and trusting young hearts, wouldn't it? So I've sent the cake, a nice healthy plain one that won't hurt their little insides. I hope it was a womanly one, too—but it was a man sold it to me.

⁂ ⁂

The House is rising for another rest—what a life!—and a duke-to-be, and handsome at that, is getting married this week, and the new appointment for India is universally voted "safe." As for fashions, the clipt moustache has spread from the sub. to the civvy, and thoughts of spring hats lie deep in the female think-box the while skirts get shorter and shorter and shorter, and soon we shall know what knees look like.

⁂ ⁂

And good old Rumour—a busy maiden these war days—is rushing around again telling us all just exactly how much we paid Turkey for—'sh! (Please, Mr. Censor, I didn't!) And we're not downhearted, apparently, East or no East, for there are two first nights in the offing, those somehow very peace-time parties, the Stage Society and the Pioneer Players, recommence operations, and I'm told the new Beecham knight is soon going to *épater les bourgeois* again with some very last words in Russian and Italian music.

⁂ ⁂

There's a snowdrop in the Park, I've seen it, and some aconite, too, near the rabbits, and a bird on a bough sang "Tit Willow" like mad when I lunched in the country on Sunday. And bread's up to ninepence, so I'm told, and they say'll get higher still, and Pavlova's getting a dollar a second, or £10,000 for the job, posing for the pictures in America, so there's still some money somewhere. And there's four more Derby groups called up, and more interesting rumours about K. of K. and still talk about curates combating, or not, and—but that's about enough—isn't it?—except that what I wanted to say was that it's still a world of contrasts, as well as a world of war.

⁂ ⁂

And a world bang full of the *nicest* people, don't you think so? One of them's just sent me from the land where "poetry, like the gold of the gorse and the kiss of the lover, is always in season" (of *course* you know where that is), a dream of a box of chocs, and before we forget all about Christmas and the New Year and all that I must say thank you again for all the cards and good wishes and charming letters I've had from those who tell me "Be you woman or man your letters are like peaches in summer and much looked for by those thirsting for the flesh pots." To paraphrase Oscar Wilde—"I can resist anything except appreciation."

With love, yours ever,

Blanche

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

DAUGHTER OF INDIA'S NEW VICEROY

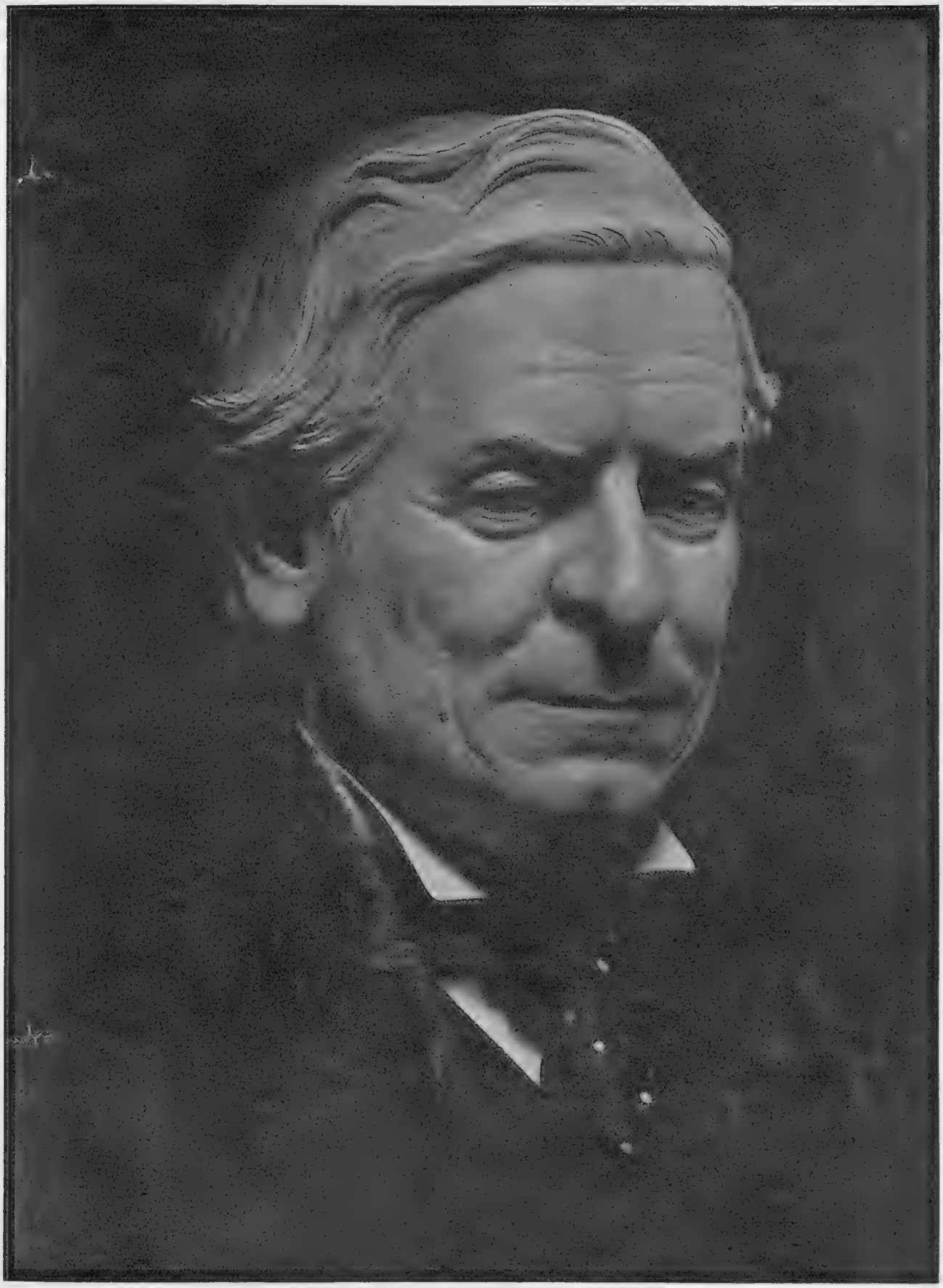
The Hon. Joan Thesiger, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Chelmsford, who this year attains her majority. She is one of the most devoted of workers with the British Red Cross

TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY

Miss Sylvia Bowden, youngest daughter of Sir Frank and Lady Bowden, of Bestwood Lodge, Nottingham, and Captain Leonard Owen-Taylor, R.A.M.C., of Nottingham, whose wedding (for which Captain Owen-Taylor is home on special leave from the Front) is due to take place to-day (Wednesday, January 26)

Our Amazing Premier

NEW AND REALISTIC PORTRAIT BY MR. JOHN TUSSAUD



MR. ASQUITH

The most tenacious Premier since Pitt. No matter what the dilemma, he succeeds in finding a way out. Mr. Asquith may die, say his critics, but he will never resign. Whatever Fate may have in store for the British Empire, he will be found waiting for it—to see whether there is a solution which will keep himself in office and his salary in his pocket

[*From a new Portrait "arrangement" by Mr. John Tussaud*]

A NEW SERIES OF ARTICLES

THE NEAR HEREAFTER

PROBLEMS OF THE COMING PEACE

III.—Warrior versus War-monger?

After the war (we read every day) there is to be a sublime transformation. The classes are to take their hands out of each others pockets and fling them round each other's necks. Littleness, nastiness, and greediness are all to pass in a night. Even the political parties are to go, and instead of politicians we are to be blessed with statesmen. Don't believe it. Many of us are blackguards, but why should we be humbugs too? Why should we fool ourselves?

It is all a matter of character, of course—and the lack of it. And this war has played the deuce with character. Thomas Atkins (God bless him) goes out to do a bit of killing. Out of savagery (for which we can never be too grateful) is he to achieve saintship? I think not, but he certainly earns merit, and Thomas will return to us strong and self-reliant, conscious of a high duty performed and deserving the best that is going.

For the men at home our statesmen (save the mark!) have done their utmost to spread corruption. All supreme struggles involve endurance and self-sacrifice. The Government's one aim has been to fire greed and endow self-indulgence. They have thrown open the treasure rooms of the nation, and tumbled out hundreds of millions. They have vied with one another in their frantic enrichment of contractors and in doubling, trebling, and quadrupling the wages of the people. "Grandpapa, what did *you* do in the great war." "I had the time of my life, lad. Money to burn. I got as much in a day as I used to make in a week. I think the Government divided the stuff up so that the Kaiser should not get it."

Nothing would surprise me less than the formation of a huge party to demand "War for ever and ever." The Peace counter-blast would be run by the Army. Perhaps the Army on its return will have to conquer the War Party. *Certainly it will have to do so* at the polls and in the Labour Congresses and in the shops and factories. "While I was risking my life on a bob a day you fattened on what I was fighting for and struck work to get more. And now you've spent it all." That will be the rub. Who amongst the wealthy workers is putting by money for his boy at the front?

This is all horribly material, but it reveals the position that will have to be faced. The most sure thing under heaven is that after the war money will be appallingly scarce. The men at home who have rolled in it and lived sumptuously will not resign themselves to poverty without a struggle. The fighters who will have saved the country will claim first place, and rightly, and will get it, too. The millions of men who have learnt discipline will have an easy triumph over the millions who've been corrupted by a criminal luxury.

And that same discipline will play a big part in industrial life. The work's manager need not expect a salute, but he certainly will appreciate the value of ingrained obedience of orders. If he be a just man worthy of good helpers he will have them to his hand. If, on the other hand, capital is callous, inconsiderate, and oppressive, it will be found that the fraternity of the ranks did not end with demobilisation.

It is a tragic thing that the State Control introduced to fight the war should have resulted in national corruption, because when the war is over we shall need real State Control to get the country on its legs and redeem and re-vitalise the stay-at-home section of our demoralised workers. But the politicians must have nothing at all to do with it. If there be any peril of more vote-buying we must clamour for a Dictator and shut up the place at Westminster, where consciences are put in pawn and national interest is made the plaything of place-hunters.

The first thing to do will be to issue a National Balance Sheet—quite a simple little document showing exactly how we stand. This should be shoved under the nose of every citizen of the Empire. Then industry must be reorganised so that waste and harmful competition are impossible and so that production of the highest value is stimulated to its fullest. And every undertaking must be compelled to issue its balance-sheet to its workers so that they can see that while their own wages are depressingly low the shareholders are sharing their troubles. This is the only possible way of heading off a devastating industrial revolution. We are in for hard times. Let us share and share alike. And do let us have "system"—a big bold human scheme carried out without fear or favour by sane, competent, and wise men.

In the trenches the classes and the masses have suffered and shared side by side. The millions of the rank and file "know the heart" (it is a Malay saying) of the British officer. The same thing must be finely re-staged at home after the war as between Capital and Labour. It is no good saying that because it happened in the trenches it will end strife at home. It will not. The men who were in the trenches will look for it at home, and if they find it missing——!

The peril of the opposing lines is as nothing to the peril that will face us at home when the war is over. We execrated the loot-hunters, the devastators, the murderers. We must for the common good gibbet all such at home. After all, the country has been held up to ransom, and justice demands that we should make a new start.

General "Ginger"

OTHERWISE SARRAIL, OF SALONICA AND THE NEAR EAST IN GENERAL

GENERAL SARRAIL

An interesting portrait of the masterful man who has been given the supreme command of the Allied Forces in Greece, walking through the streets of Salonica. Last week "The Bystander" suggested that he might let the authorities in Downing Street know whence he obtains that inexhaustible supply of "ginger" which enables him to act on the principle that "War is War"

Things that don't Matter

BY "QUIDNUNC"

WHEN that sturdy old Liberal Free Trader, Sir George Reid, was jockeyed by the Liberal wire-pullers into the Conservative stronghold of St. George's, Hanover Square, most politicians wondered where they were. Sir George knew, however. He went straight to the National Liberal Club and returned thanks for his election.

STRAIGHTWAY another Liberal, Sir Hedworth Meux, is returned, also unopposed, for another Conservative stronghold—to wit, Portsmouth. If Mr. Steel Maitland believes that there are no brains in his own Party—why does he belong to it? If the Liberals, instead of pinching Unionist seats, would steal Maitland, we should have a chance. But they know better.

AS for Mile End — good heavens! Mr. Warwick Brookes for the Empire—or is it the Café Royal? And the alternative—an airman—a hot airman, he has been called—who announces that he has resigned his commission, although we are still fighting for our lives. Happy should we have been without either. Personally, I would rather have voted for the amusing Hunnable, who always got the potatoes he deserved.

IT is now stated (not by the Press Bureau) that K. of K. turned the ladies out of Egypt because he was afraid of their becoming "mummies." They are quite annoyed about it, and I think with reason. The Government, for once, were not too late. They anticipated events.

BACHELOR BOY: "Hello! and you just launched on the sea of matrimony?"
NEWLY WED: "Yes—and struck a mine"

POOR Tommy will now have only the Sphinx to give a glad eye to. And she is to be draped soon, they tell me. Or is she also to be sent home to knit socks with Cleopatra's needle? If our Generals would think less of Tommy's women and more of his life he would pick 'em more carefully. It is silly to plant roses when you are only a weekly lodger.

I HAD the most delightful chat with an angry Nationalist M.P. With the rest of his Party he had voted against the Compulsion Bill, but he knew nothing about it, and cared less. What made him wild, however, was the company he tumbled in upon when in the lobby.

"There were —— vegetarians —— taytotallers —— long-haired Socialists, and so nivver agin, John Redmond, says I. After all, it's a gintleman, I am!"

I notice that since then Mr. Redmond has called his lads off. Or shall we say "bhoys"?

WHAT outrageous pranks they do play on us in war-time to be sure. One of the latest is to sweep clear our music-halls of the "ladies." Surely they were quite harmless and unfailingly amusing. But it is the Provost-Marshal again, I suppose. As for the subalterns, they say——but I really cannot write here what they say. If you turn to the "lonely officers" advertisements you will know what they are doing.

YES, but what is it all coming to? Long—oh! long before the war is over we shall all be such shriven saints or such infernal and detestable humbugs that the discriminating Germans will refuse to touch us—even with a bomb from the honest heavens. They will cheerfully leave us in the hell we have made for ourselves.

AND very soon our toast also will be "The Day." But it will be to the day when calculating cranks and officious busybodies can no longer make excuse of the war to drive us into bondage to their will. It is Stiggins who is on the pedestal just now. It is his horrid hands that twist our emergency legislation. And there's not a man in the House of Commons who will even rap his nasty knuckles.

YES, indeed—here's to "The Day," Our Day. The day when our boys come back to us—the day when this hellish death in life is all over. The day when we no longer give thousands of lives as the price of brass-hatted incompetence. The day when we learn that life is incomparably more precious than destruction, and that real victory can alone be won by a people in earnest. And we are *not* in earnest. How can we be in earnest when we are gulled by cheap-jack Horatios and are the pliant humble fools of the unspeakable Stiggins.

And on "The Day" your "Quidnunc," with suitable assistance, will break down the doors of all licensed premises that attempt to close. He will hang half a dozen Stigginses in every street. He will make a devil of a mess of Downing Street, and chivvy frenzied Ministers into their last line of dug-outs somewhere in the Isle of Dogs. And he will call lustily on the lads in khaki to recapture England. Now, then, hats off! *Loud* cheers, please. "QUIDNUNC."

When All the Men are Mobilised

"SLACKER!"

THE RACE FOR EXEMPTION

BY "GROUP 42"

The Great Change

THE wearing of the armlet has effected a subtle change in our attitudes towards our fellow men. As one who, in the pre-Derby period, deemed himself to be a very last Ditcher, I and my fellow middle-aged rheumato-asthmatics used to content ourselves, in our spare time from volunteering, munishing, special constablising, etc., etc., with fixing our opthalmic eyes on younger men in mufti, mutely (or sometimes audibly) asking them what *they* were doing for their country? The Armlet *a changé tout cela*. The announced figures have convinced us that it is at least possible that the young man in mufti is either starred, or himself an attestee; that the odds against his being a "slacker" are long ones. Result: we are seeking new niches wherein to poke our nimble noses.

Civil War

THE new issue is not between the Ineligible and the Eligible Slacker: it is now a civil war between us Armleteers ourselves. In the very near future there will be, in our ranks, a rush for exemption—or, to put it strictly, for "transferment to a later class." Each one of us, as you know, attested with reservations. We built within our bosoms a paradise of hope that we should be deemed worthy of deferment. Don't misunderstand me. Don't attribute this to a desire to *avoid* service in our glorious Army. We are, to a man, as ready, as eager, etc., etc., to go to the trenches as our neighbours; but our sense of our value to the community is such that we unanimously believe that we should be taken away from our civil duties as late in the war as possible, in order that—well, in order that a really decent-looking, cultured, and maturely responsible set of men should be entrusted with the occupation of Berlin and the future rehabilitation of the beaten Hun.

HOME SERVICE

By Second-Lieut. C. E. B. Bernard

"What Is Your Group?"

AS I say, this desire for deferment is already arousing in us a keen interest in the claims of our fellow candidates for the same honour. Instead, as in the bad old days, of fixing stony stares on strangers, and inquiring why they were not in khaki, we now fix friendly and good-humoured stares on our friend or acquaintance, and ask first, pleasantly, as in remarking on the weather, what group he is in. He tells us. Knowing without asking him that he intends to put in for deferment, we then make some observation about his occupation, hinting gently to him that perhaps the country, in her extreme need, could spare him a *leetle* sooner than it could spare ourself?

Essential v. Unessential

AS it is with the middle-class, so it is with the "workers." A heated discussion is now going on between my village tinker, tailor, and candlestick maker (all attested), as to which of the three is really the most entitled to put in for deferment. The tinker is claiming that England would be lost if she ceased to tink. The tailor, superciliously, pleads that she would be more lost still without her tailors, Propriety being (with morality and humanity) a British speciality. The poor old candlestick-maker gets left at the post. Try as he may, he cannot establish that England would be lost without candlesticks. The reply is so obvious. The bedrooms of England could easily do without them, by the well-known and homely practice of melting the base and sticking down on to the dressing-table or window sill. So, though the village doesn't want to lose him, it thinks he ought to go. He can plead his head off that he doesn't see why the mere accident that he happens to make unessential candlesticks should send him first to the trenches. He thinks the whole thing bally unfair, and he is sulking. So are all the other "unessentials."

The Consolation for Being Unessential

I MYSELF—I'm not going to tell you what my profession is—sometimes half wish I had joined Jones in soap, Brown in butter, or Robinson in boots, instead of myself in a purely decorative and joy-giving pursuit. But when I feel like that, I pat myself on the chest and think of the "joy" I shall give the Germans when, after the final march, I am enabled, on the dictation of peace, to transfer my trade to the Friedrichstrasse or Unter den Linden. Or, if the war goes the other way, there is the consolation that I shall at least have no business to be looted by the invading Huns, while the "essential" merchants who beat me in the race for deferment, will be on the spot to be despoiled. And serve them jolly well right—the Slackers!

"Group 42"

Realities of Sea Power

COALING A BATTLESHIP AT SEA FROM A COLLIER

Time and circumstances often do not admit of a ship returning to port for the necessary coaling, which therefore has to be carried out at sea. It is hardly ever possible to make a collier fast alongside, so that the work is done by means of a travelling hoist, the warship steaming ahead at about 5 or 6 knots and the collier following in her wake at exactly the same speed

BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER, R.N.R.

WEEKLY HUMOURS FROM THE FRONT

Other Times, Other Manners

THE DECLINE OF POETRY AND ROMANCE IN WAR

BY CAPT. BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Somewhere in Flanders"

"FOODSTUFF ONLY." BY "JACK JOHNSON"

My Dear Bystander—

Over on this side the New Year dawned after the style of every other dawn this winter—that is to say, in a gale of wind and torrents of sleeting rain, and at first sight there appeared little to congratulate ourselves on that 1916 had stolen upon us at last. Thus musing, I was about to carry out my daily functions—any interruption of which would inevitably precipitate a crisis upon the Western Front—when my servant came staggering into view, bearing upon his shoulder with every sign of distress an enormous wooden box addressed to me, and marked in big black letters, "Foodstuff only." Aglow with pleasant anticipation, I hastily prised up the lid, and there was revealed to my delighted eye a monumental Buzzard cake, not just the sort of cake that's slapped together with a few old eggs and fourpence worth of currants, but a cake in the highest and noblest sense of the word—"of the stuff that dreams are made of"—rich nourishing pabulum of the colour of old mahogany, surmounted by a weighty crown of sugared icing and pretty conceits, which at first sight would appear to deny penetration to anything but a direct hit from a 12-inch shell.

❀ ❀

From that moment life took on a different aspect. Nobody could look at that cake and remain unmoved. That I was shortly to inspect minutely the underwear of the military police in view of renewals filled me with almost gladness; even the news that there was a deficit of £17.45 in the monthly cash account left me smiling.

❀ ❀

The entire mess rose together at that cake like one man. Sick unto death of our daily *cuisine*, we fell upon the prize as do famished wolves upon the wilting sleigh-horse as he pursues his cheerless path across the snow-clad steppes.

❀ ❀

As I have said, it was a large cake, and it took a little time to *strafe*, but there was not a man that day who didn't do his bit for England's sake, and few there were who rose from the groaning board who did not feel their years lie heavy upon them.

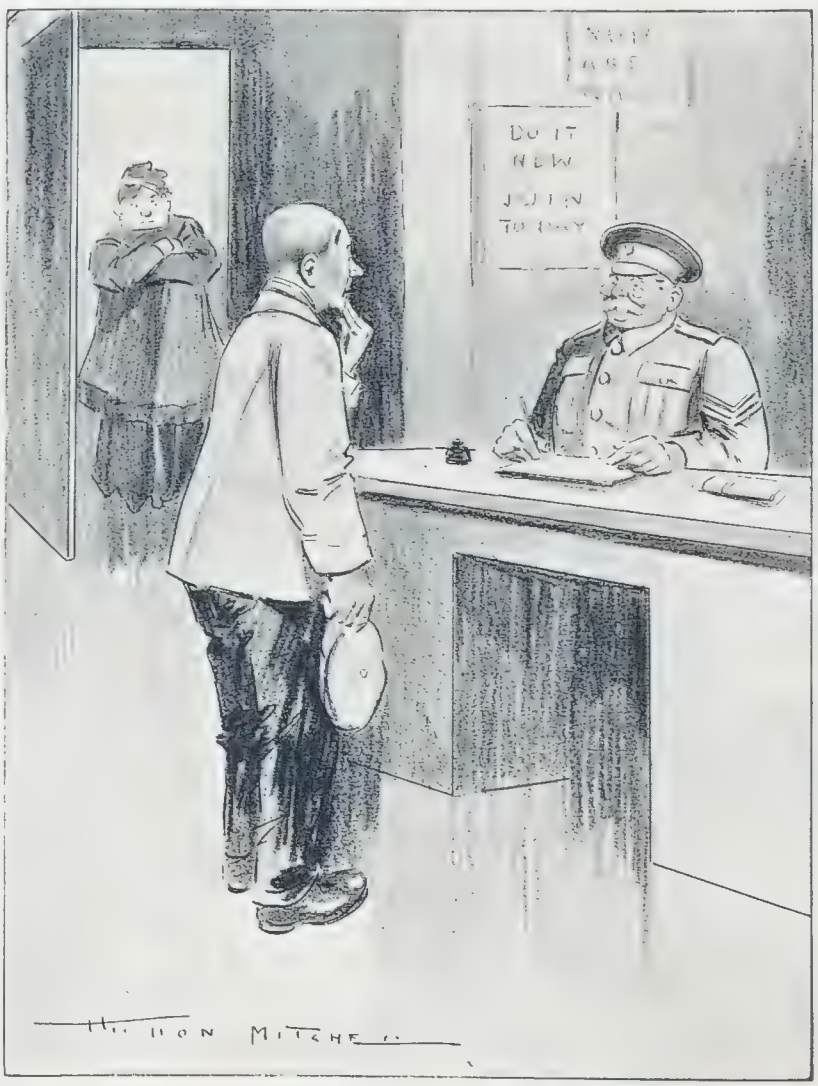
❀ ❀

And it was only in accordance with the laws that govern this unsatisfactory planet that four hours later the motor-cycle upon which I am compelled to carry out my duties should get some water in the carburettor and peter-out miserably about eight miles from home, a misfortune necessitating that sustained form of super-exercise with which all unmechanically minded motor-cyclists are doubtless familiar.

❀ ❀

That night I dreamed a dream. I dreamed that I fell out of a flaming aeroplane at 15,000 feet. The impact of my body striking the earth exploded a mine, which blew me into the German lines, where I was led before the Kaiser who, garbed in a neat asbestos suiting, first gassed me with the rehearsal of a New Year speech he was preparing for his troops, and then on his instructions I was strapped securely on my back, what time a convoy of motor-lorries passed slowly backwards and forwards over my prostrate body.

Yours ever, Jack Johnson



SATISFACTORY FOR BOTH

SERGEANT (*cynically*) "Come to join, eh? For the separation allowance I suppose?"

"Yes, sir! I wants the separation and she wants the allowance"

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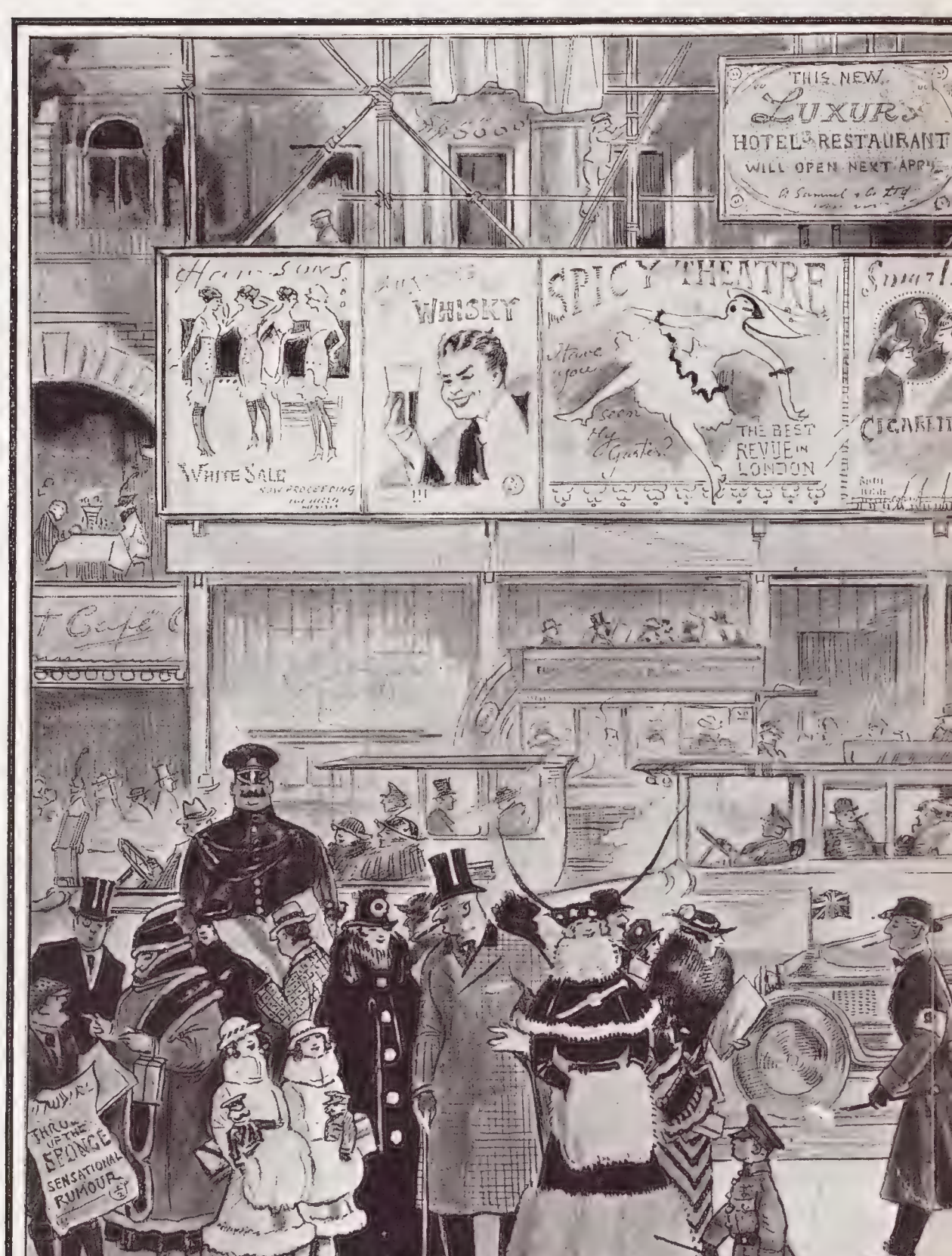
The Education



WAR EC

of the Masses

ONOMY

The Little State That Was Left to Shift for Itself

Photograph *C. Makin*

A scene on the road from Cattaro to Cettinje, the capital of Montenegro, which, after a gallant but hopeless resistance by its isolated and outnumbered defenders, was occupied by the Austrians on January 14. The road, as our illustration shows, passes through some of the wildest and most desolate-looking country imaginable, and from Cattaro, which is about six miles distant from the Montenegrin frontier, it rises to a height of some 2,700 feet. Hence its name "the ladder." Originally little more than a mule track, the present road was constructed by the Austrians, doubtless with a view to future contingencies which have since happened

Love's Last Leave

BY VIOLET HUNT

"WHAT is the good?" said the wife of Major Leclerc. "There isn't a man left in England to dress for. I just don't do it. I'm economising. If George were to come back suddenly and see me, he'd have a fit."

Her friend, looking at Augusta Leclerc's neglected waistline, down at her low-heeled, laced boots, up at her hat, tall where it should have been flat, round where it should have been oblong, thought that the Major certainly would. Augusta Leclerc was not quite handsome enough to dispense with all toilette adjuncts and the nurse-tending of a skilful maid. Her maid, Whiteford, was too old and tiresome and faithful to be economised away, but that maid was in despair. A year ago, when Major Leclerc had gone out, Mrs. Leclerc had let herself go. She started to wear out all her old clothes, the unbecoming ones, the ones that the Major had forbidden her ever to let him see her in again. She wore *lingerie* of the plainest, that did not tear in the wash. She saved in blue and pink baby ribbons, and sent all her jewellery to the bank.

Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Willie Leclerc, the wife of the eldest brother, took it differently. Her husband was a soldier too, but had only joined the army at the beginning of the war. Mrs. Willie was younger than Mrs. George, but not so good-looking in the usual sense of the word. She was less pretty than fascinating. The interest she excited was of so compelling and bewildering a nature that the more open-air and above-board charms of Mrs. George were of no account when her sister-in-law was present. Mrs. George always said that Aggie was "psychic." She was always well and carefully dressed, and in her husband's absence did not chose to alter her style in any single particular. She had no maid, she never would have one; she preferred to see to her clothes herself. Whiteford was always wanting to do things for her. She liked, she said, to see Mrs. Willie in her undress, her fluffy *peignoir* thrown carelessly over the back of a chair, her dainty satin slippers placed formally at the side of her bed, her lace nightcap posed over her misty, wavy hair. So different from Mrs. George, nowadays.

"Yes." Mrs. George was continuing her conversation. "You should see some of Aggie's nightgowns. They're dreams. I'm wearing some I had when I was a girl—just to finish them out."

To a further remark from the friend she replied:

"No. Willie's not a born soldier—went out from a sheer sense of duty. He did some painting before he went into the Army. . . . Yes, sad, isn't it? They simply adore each other, and haven't met for a year. And he has promised to be with her at Christmas if he dies for it. Absurd—he's in the Dardanelles. . . . Yes, we're going to Ilvercote for Christmas. Very quiet. Only Aggie and I and dad and the children. George? So far as I know, George won't be there. He's at Bailleul."

The two women, while their husbands were abroad, made their home with their father-in-law, General Leclerc. They lived with him, now in Town, now in the old place in Wiltshire. There was plenty of room for them and their children. Mrs. George had three girls, Mrs. Willie a boy.

Little Peter was weakly. He would hardly survive. Aggie ought to have another child; it was a duty to provide an heir to one of the finest properties in England. So the old General was always saying. He was very fond of Aggie, and they sat together and talked about Willie. Gussy was rather vexed with Aggie for communicating to her father her own absurd and unjustifiable hope with regard to Willie's homecoming, thus leading him on to inevitable disappointment. General Leclerc was eighty-two, and confined mostly to his room by reason of his age and infirmity. He had a weak heart, and the shock of finding his hope not realised might affect it fatally. But Aggie with all her softness, her bewildered drifting air, was obstinate and tenacious. She was positive that her Willie was coming home at Christmas; he had promised it her; and Willie always kept his promises. It was so firm an arrangement that without actually alluding to it, he always took account of it in his letters home.

At Ilvercote, where the Leclercs went to live in the beginning of December, Aggie and Gussy had each a little suite of two rooms, shut off by a red baize door. Mrs. George's maid shared hers; but when Aggie closed her door she was absolutely alone. The others begged for a concession, and obtained it—that she would not lock herself in. So Gussy could send Whiteford with a message now and then, and ascertain that Aggie was all right. Aggie always received messages very nicely, and said yes, she would be down at tea—and wasn't. She lived up there on Willie's letters, which arrived with great frequency. Willie was good about writing, much better than the Major, who frankly neglected Gussy. He was very much taken up with his job. . . .

War was war, as Mrs. George said, and it couldn't be helped. She kept cheerful, without encouraging false hopes as Aggie did, and as Christmas drew near, she rather forced the note of seasonable gaiety for the sake of the children, who surely ought not to be penalised by these terrible happenings. Their elders ought to see to it that the poor mites had as good a time of it as possible. A big children's party, with an old-fashioned tree, was arranged for Christmas Eve; all the young of the neighbourhood would be brought to it, and be as happy as lights and food, tinsel and foil could make them. The elders must stifle some of their sadness in attending to all these little ones.

That December weather was very quiet and still. The dead leaves fell silently, waveringly to the ground, as if they could not help it; tame, unresisting legions going to their earthy bed. The silent force of winter was behind them, but no rough winds bore them down, or roared in the chimneys to frighten little Peter.

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (continued from page 155)

The window-panes that winter were never laced with frost; the old red bricks of Ilvercote House looked red and sodden, as if the mortar was composed of blood. Little Peter used to be frightened at the noise of guns he heard in the early mornings, and it was no use to tell him that they were shooting fawns in the pleasaunce, thinning them. In the autumn the stags roared at night, but he was bidden not to be frightened, for he was a soldier's son. He had forgotten how his father looked, and he did not see his mother very often. He played with Gussy's girls, and they and Gussy were very kind to him. As the month grew and waned he began to be almost gay. There was to be a Christmas tree, and his Dad was coming for it. The "things" kept coming, and by the twenty-fourth they had all come.

Mrs. George, in the library, had been walking round and round the tree all day, hanging "things" on it. She was doing it all herself. Old Dawson, the butler, was not much good. He was old, he had held both the young masters, George and Willie, in his arms, and he had difficulty in accommodating himself to modern devices like the telephone. Still, Christmas would not have been Christmas without him.

It was done at last, and the white sheet which had been spread to catch the clippings of tinsel withdrawn and the floor swept. Dawson held little Peter up to see the angel on top, but Mrs. George bade him put the child down. He was a big boy.

About six o'clock Aggie came down, dressed in the beautiful gown that she had had new just before the war broke out, and which Willie had chosen. It was blue and a little too smart—if she had been going to romp and help with the children. But she wasn't; she was just going to wander about looking delightful. Her eyes under her cloudy hair shone with the radiance of stars veiled by night clouds. She gave her sister-in-law the effect of being a long way off. . . .

"Mrs. Willie's been in to the General, ma'am," Whiteford told her as she was dressing. "And I heard her telling him that she had put that blue dress on for Mr. Willie to see her in."

"Well, it's to be hoped she hasn't gone and given him a bad night!" said Mrs. George

The motors and carriages were beginning to drive up. Complacent mothers were accompanied by shapeless bundles which, when undone and unpinned in the outer hall, revealed fairy-like forms, dressed in their shining robes of innocence. The company was ushered into the ballroom, where the coats of mail shone on the walls and the family portraits looked down on the shining floor, where George and Willie had danced themselves into their alliances with Augusta and Agnes, both girls of the county. Then to the library, where the General, in his wheeled chair, received them all. He was perfectly calm, Gussy thought. But, then, he was old, and one could detect no expression in the bleared eyes with which he looked at Aggie. She bestowed on him smiles, no longer mysterious, but frank and hardy. . . . She was quietly gay. At supper she was seen to hand a bun, and when her little boy asked her to pull a cracker with him—

"Oh, Peter, no," she exclaimed at first. Then, "Yes, I will."

Gussy, who knew that Aggie could not bear anything that even remotely suggested firearms, saw her blench and cower at the tiny report, but recover herself bravely. Presently Mrs. George stole a moment to go back to the library to see if Dawson had extinguished all the candles on the tree. No—and he had taken away the steps, and while she stood on a chair with her arm outstretched to pinch a dying flame on a high branch, the telephone bell, from the corner of the room, suddenly rang. . . .

It was a little unusual. She called to Dawson to attend to it.

The old butler went reluctantly towards the instrument. The telephone bell rang rarely at Ilvercote, and to him it was an unpleasant duty to answer it. His hearing was hardly good enough for trunk calls, as this must surely be.

Mrs. George found another candle smoking, and paid no attention to the old manservant. She was, however, slightly startled when his bald pate shone right under her outstretched arm. He repeated the message he had received in a dazed mechanical way.

"Mr. George will be at Hungerford by the ten-twelve, and will you please send the car."

'Dawson, you must have made a mistake. . . . You're not very wonderful with the telephone, are you?" she added kindly.

"That was the message, ma'am. I assure you. And what's more, I'd lay my life it was Mr. Willie's voice that gave it."

"Dawson, my poor dear man"—for he was sobbing. She got down and put her arm on his bent old shoulder. "Control yourself, Dawson. It must have been a mistake. Now don't tell anyone. . . ." She began to consider rather deeply. . . .

Dawson recovered himself; touched his lock. "But I may send the car, ma'am?" he said, in a low dogged tone.

"Oh, yes, if you like." She was anxious to soothe him. The ceremonial evening, without the presence of his two young masters, away at the war, little Peter's placidity and want of interest as he held him up to the tree, had upset the poor old fellow.

She decided not to speak of it to Aggie or anyone. The children had been fed and were beginning to go. The General had cut the cake and been wheeled away to his rooms long since. Going back into the dancing-room she caught up little Peter and kissed him, and sent him to bed. He looked ghastly.

Aggie was helping a child on with its gloves. She was not excited or even flurried, so far as Gussy could tell. But Gussy was herself, so moved, she could not think clearly. Three ideas banged about in her head.

"She can't still expect. . . ."

"The car hasn't gone? . . ."

"Willie's voice. . . ."

. . . . . .

Dancing had stopped. The children were all crowded into the hall now. Dawson, his face a mask, was attending to his duties. The courtyard was full of cars. Had their's gone? Had that silly old

(Continued on page 158)

An Acquisition to the Empire

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

MISS BILLIE CARLETON

Who is successfully taking Miss Ethel Levey's part in "Watch Your Step" at the Empire Theatre. She is very beautiful, and such a great favourite that she bids fair to become an Empire "fixture"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY (concluded from page 156)

Dawson seen to it? Gussy could not get near him to ascertain. If he had it would be nearly back by now. Ten-twelve . . . ten-thirty! . . . It was ten-thirty now by the hall clock. . . .

Everyone had gone but the Warnford's large family car. It was drawn up on the gravel in front of the house, taking up all the room. . . . Aggie was standing in the porch, her hair was waving, almost standing up from her head! . . . .

"Go in, Aggie, at once. You'll be catching a chill!" Gussy whispered to her irritably, amid "Good-byes" and loud reclaiming of lost children.

The cold, cruel glare the eyes of Aggie laid on her was the first instance of misunderstanding that had ever occurred between the two women. To Gussy it seemed as if the gentle Aggie was resenting an impertinence, and more than an impertinence. . . .

The Warnford's car—were they all in?—moved on a little, or did it drive away altogether? Gussy never knew, for another car, which she recognised as their own, wheeled in with a darting curve to compass the sweep of the drive. Aggie and she were alone on the steps, and the chauffeur, a man she had known for years, opened the door of the car.

Her husband, in his "British warm," burly, immense, stepped out, and Gussy was folded in his large embrace. She was conscious that someone jostled her . . . and knew it was Aggie. Aggie had pushed—there was no other word for it—violently past her, and she heard her crying to someone—not George—

"I knew you'd come."

George said, as he almost carried his wife back into the light, warm hall, "Brilliant inspiration, that of yours, sending the car. Where are all the kids?"

She and George helped to put them to bed. It was not until the last pillow had been smoothed, the last kiss dealt that Gussy remembered Aggie. George had gone downstairs for a last cigar while she got ready for bed. He had been quite reasonable about seeing his father, and had agreed to put it off till the morrow.

There had been such a rush, George was so overflowing in his delight at seeing her that she hadn't had a moment to think about Aggie or ask about Willie. Aggie was all right; she had got her man; though goodness knows how it had been managed. They would hear all about it in the morning. Her brain was in a whirl as she sought her room, and found Whiteford standing there by the lighted dressing-table, full of sulks.

No, she hadn't seen Mr. Willie, nor no one hadn't, not even his father or his child. Mrs. Willie had just whisked him off. They were shut up together in her room now. . . . "How did Mr. Willie look, please ma'am?"

Mrs. George owned, impatiently, that she hadn't seen Mr. Willie either. "Get me to bed, Whiteford."

Whiteford began to bustle about like an angry bumble bee. Her determination to see Mr. Willie for herself that very night was so strong that she was cudgelling her brains to find an excuse to get into Mrs. Willie's room. She had been listening at the door of it while her mistress was in the nursery. She had distinctly heard the voices of Mr. and Mrs. Willie, but she had been unable to distinguish more than one phrase . . . "to hold you in my arms once more. . . ." He did adore her, to be sure!

Without telling Mrs. George, she left the room, and going along the passages in the dark to save time, felt her way along the walls to Mrs. Willie's door.

The voices had stopped. All was still. She heard the stable clock booming out its twelve clear strokes. . . . Not a sound, and the baize door allowed no light to pass! . . . She feared that they were already in bed, and was ashamed almost to knock. . . .

'Come in." Mrs. Willie's voice.

She pushed the door apen. Aggie was standing near the bed in a blaze of lighted candles. Whiteford, even in her flurry, observed that she had changed out of the blue dress to a white *peignoir*. It hung down perfectly straight from neck to hem, and made her look enormously tall.

"What do you want?" she asked the maid.

Whiteford, peering to see if she could espy Mr. Willie in the inner room, proffered her haphazard request.

"Ma'am, could you lend me a nightdress for Mrs. George? Her's haven't come back from the wash, and she'd be so much obliged."

Aggie pointed to a garment that lay folded on the bed. "Take that," she said, gently. Her manner changed. . . . "Now go, quick!"

. . . . . .

The short night passed. At Ilvercote everyone always came down to breakfast at nine-thirty except Aggie and the General. George had cut himself shaving, and was repairing the disaster. Gussy, standing over the breakfast-table making tea for the hungry brood that sat all round her, looked up surprised when she saw Aggie.

'Hallo, you?" she said, muzzily. "Where's Willie?"

"He's gone," Aggie said, speaking in jerks. "Called away." She repeated stonily, "He had to go. . . ."

Her sister-in-law, holding the sugar spoon poised in her hand, looked at Aggie. Something queer about her, although she looked so calm! And Willie. . . . She hadn't even seen Willie, and he was gone, Aggie said! . . . . .

"How could he?——" She was beginning, and broke off sharply. 'What is it, Dawson?"

The old man's eyes were staring. 'The General, ma'am," he got out.

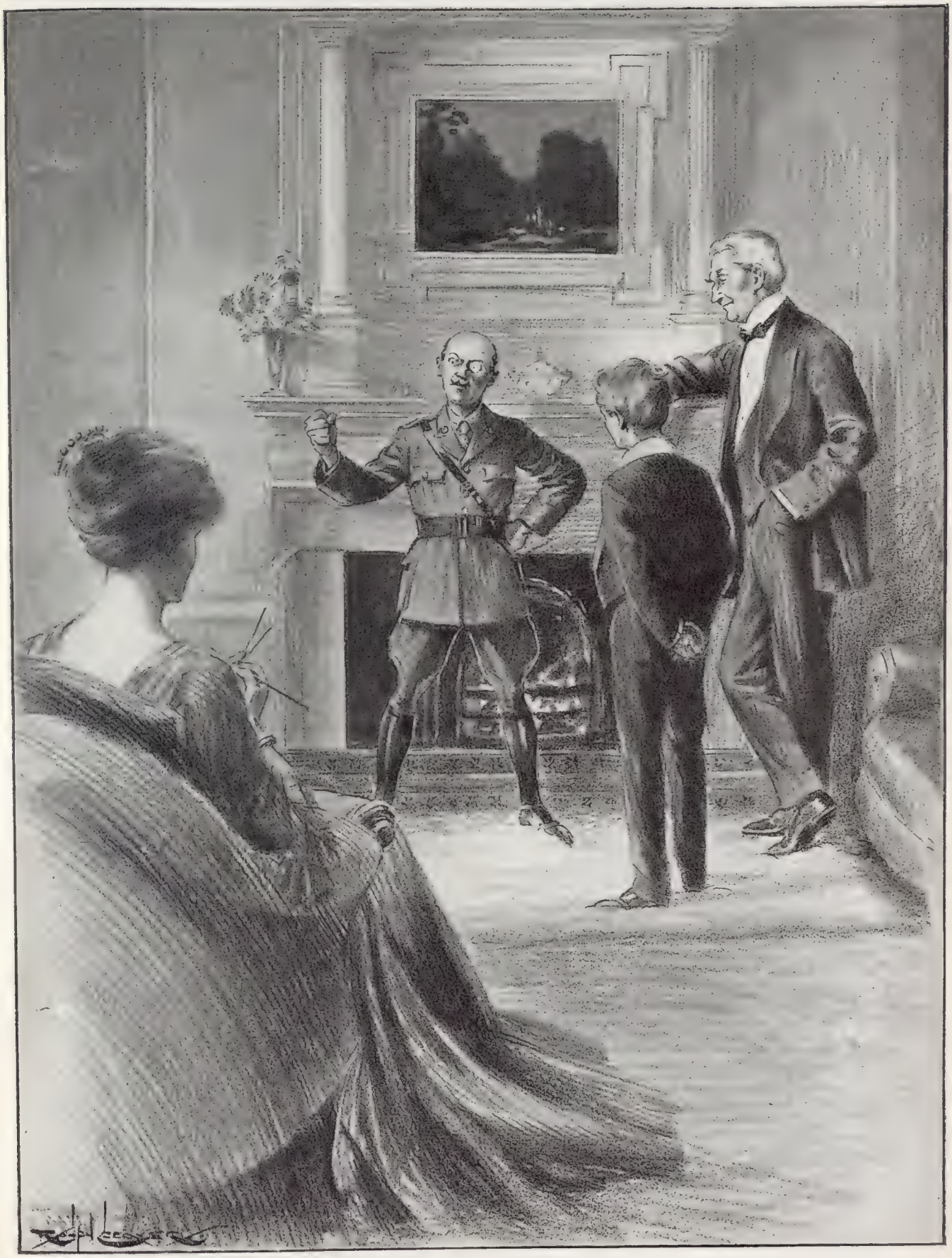
The General was dying. She must come quick. She went, very quickly, without looking to see if Aggie followed or no.

The General died at ten o'clock, happy, so he said, because God had granted him to see his two sons before he died.

The one son, who was by his bedside, looked at his wife, and lifted his eyebrows. The General was raving. And when the old man went on to say that his dear son Willie had come to him in the night and said that he must go, but that his father must not grieve because he had left a son to succeed him, Gussy fainted.

Aggy did not even cry. She seemed always to the end of her life, fairly happy.

From the Centre of the "Circle"



"I assure you you've no conception of the exhilaration one feels on seeing the enemy flying for his life—I felt—positively—I was a LION"

An Interesting Engagement

Photograph *Thomson*

MISS EILEEN REED

Only daughter of Mr. E. T. Reed, the celebrated cartoonist, and grand-daughter of the late Sir E. J. Reed, K.C.B., F.R.S., M.P., and Lady Reed. She is shortly to be married to Major Lennox Galloway, D.S.O., R.A., eldest son of Colonel Galloway, R.A., and Mrs. Galloway, of Norwood House, Leamington. Miss Reed possesses not only charm of appearance, but also talent in the musical and histrionic arts

NEW WEEKLY FEATURE

The Vision Feminine

SALE-HO!

"Those having neither children nor a garden might well avail themselves of a rocking-chair"

BY "EFEMERA." ILLUSTRATED BY HILL CLARKE

In spite of all the changes that the war has wrought in our lives, some things are immutable. To them we may anchor our souls in the midst of an unstable world. Let seasons mix themselves up inextricably, summer invade winter, and frosts nip us in August, let social entertainments vanish, and women devote their energies to making shells in munition factories instead of tricks at auction bridge, still the sales remain. Like the mystic Society of Buffaloes, their catch-word is "We know no change." They loom bright with promise on the desert horizon of the economist. What economy could be more laudable than the purchase of articles sold at 20 per cent. reduction, "actually beneath cost price!"

Of course, we may not actually need everything we are tempted into buying, but that is a mere detail. The bargain is the thing. . . . And if you keep anything long enough it is sure to come in useful sometime. I once heard of a widow who bought at an auction a brass plate inscribed "Dr. Smith." She thought it might be handy in case——. But that is another story.

Everything, naturally, is not quite as it used to be. For instance, we carry our own parcels home. The day is past when in lordly (or ladylike) fashion we bought a reel of cotton and ordered it to be entered and delivered. Now we start on our peregrinations armed with a string bag or a hold-all. An umbrella, especially if it be of the Gamp tribe, has its uses. A perambulator is invaluable, and blessed are suburbanites possessed of a wheel-barrow. Those having neither children nor a garden might well avail themselves of a rocking-chair. Fitted with castors, it should prove extremely convenient. And there are dog-carts—the real thing, not the horse-drawn variety. With so many Belgians in our midst I wonder that we have not already taken the tip. Think of a four-in-hand of toy Pomeranians or a spanking pair of chows! Could anything be smarter? It is only a question of using one's wits.

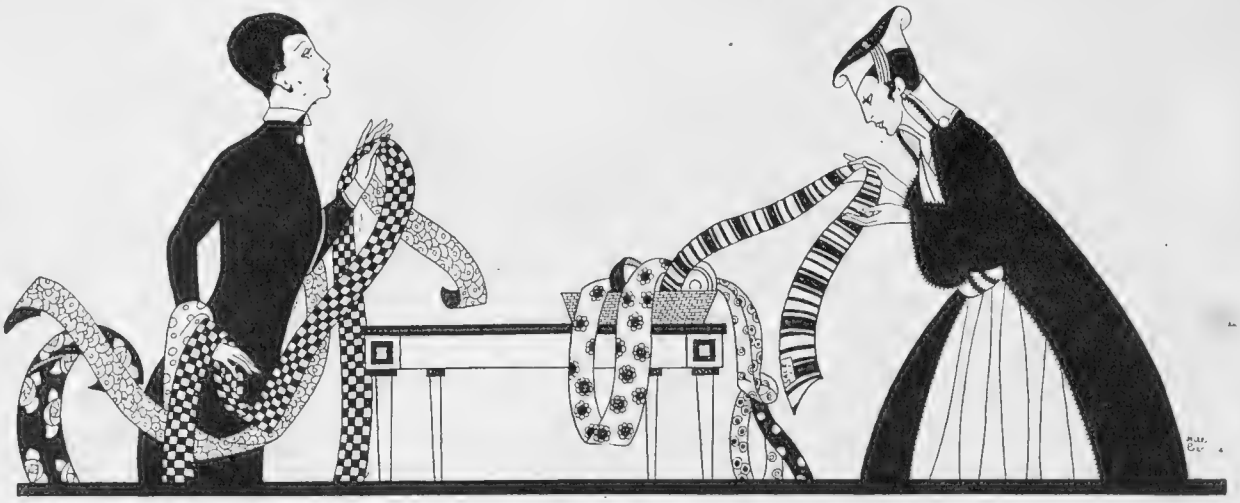
But probably our wits are already fully engaged in resisting the lures of the sales. There is an insidious fascination in the ready-to-wear, the French model reduced to a mere song—"quite unrepeatable at the price, moddum, I assure you." One buys it whether one will or no, only to discover when the treasure is brought home and tried on before one's own mirror that it is three sizes too large or sixteen sizes too small. Even trying a thing on in the shop is no safeguard, if the saleswoman knows her business. With sighs of admiration she will drape a portly matron in a capacious sports coat.

"But I told you," protests the harassed shopper, "that I wanted one for my little girl aged nine."

(*Continued on page 162*)

"'The very thing, moddum, wear it yourself, wash it once, and it will fit the child'"

THE VISION FEMININE (concluded from page 161)



"Never was there so great a demand for anything as for stripes"

"The very thing, moddum," says the bland temptress. "Wear it yourself till it gets dirty, wash it once, and it will fit the child."

⁂ ⁂

WHATEVER one pauses to look at—or whatever the shopman most wishes to get rid of—is announced as the greatest bargain in the whole sale. A wonderful opportunity, you are informed. "This line of goods is quite unreplaceable—you'll never have another chance. We're all but sold out now. . . . Isn't that so? She'll never get anything like that again, not at this price. . . ." You may not have seen a stripe for months except in old-clo' shop-windows, but the saleswoman waving a piece of striped silk alluringly before you insists that it is the fashionable wear of the moment. Never was there so great a demand for anything as for stripes. She conveys the impression that no woman with pretentions to smartness would be seen dead in anything else. Surely, she hints, you will not register yourself a dowd by refusing this unparalleled opportunity?

⁂ ⁂

AS for hats and shoes and gloves——. Has anyone, I wonder, ever fathomed the mystery of sales gloves? They look like gloves, they feel like gloves, they even smell like gloves, but when it comes to putting them on they fit like socks from the needles of the amateur knitter, and they wear—well, like cobwebs. However, they are cheap, and from motives of economy the foolish shopper falls a victim.

⁂ ⁂

BUT Nemesis is on her trail. "Just one or two little trifles picked up here and there" make a formidable pile. Things do mount up amazingly. . . . "What ever possessed me to get this . . . and this . . . . and this?" wonders the bewildered purchaser. "Surely I can't have bought all this mountain of things!" But she has, for better or worse. And then the bills begin to come in. . . . Let us draw a charitable curtain.

⁂ ⁂

BUT, perhaps, the chief characteristic of sales is their deteriorating effect on female character. Not only do they encourage recklessness in its most insidious form, but the sales habit itself develops opportunism to an alarming degree. One no longer plans ahead, one snatches at things as they come—generally the wrong ones. EFEMERA

"And then the bills begin to come in. . . . Let us draw a charitable curtain"

Economy in the Home

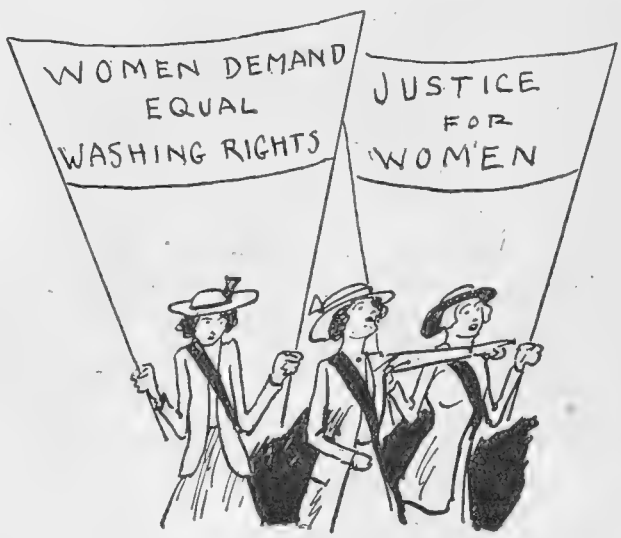
LADY OF THE HOUSE (to butler): "When you have taken the Master's barley-water to the library and Master Thomas's bread and margarine upstairs, you might get Fido's chop grilled—and see that it's not overdone, because it doesn't agree with him if it is."

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

"The Parish Pump" at the Duke of York's

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE leading feature of this play is the remarkably efficient acting by Miss Horniman's company. In war-time we hardly expect to find anything more than a respectable mediocrity in the presentation of our comedies; but here is the real thing. The play itself is a satire—and not over charitable at that—upon the municipalities of Manchester, or thereabouts, but it fits any small and pretentious district in which the parish councillors pose as leaders of society in their shirt-sleeves. In the district in which I have myself the honour to reside the rather assertive local ædiles are far from being masters of the King's English; and that may be one of the reasons why this play appealed to me immensely. There is Jeremiah Chebs, for instance, the Mayor of Silverditch, who is quite a type, which Mr. Charles Groves presents in a masterly fashion. Mayor Chebs is one of the familiar kind of men who fancy that because they have succeeded in one walk of life they have thereby qualified to be a lamp unto the world's feet in every possible contingency. Mayor Chebs dines in his shirt-sleeves and at the same time expresses his intention of making his wife a "lady." It is a phase of life that would be laughable if it were not so deadly serious.



MISS CHEBS HAS A FEW WORDS WITH HER FATHER

❋

MOST of Mayor Chebs's trouble is of his own making. For instance, with the very laudable and reasonable ambition of making a "lady" of his daughter as well, he has provided her with a super-education. The inevitable result follows. The first thing Miss Ada Chebs realises is her father's oppressive vulgarity; and, more than that, it becomes her painful duty to recognise that the old man in order to achieve a local influence which ought to be impossible to his kind, is not even playing the straight game. In fact, she becomes, as every thinking woman must, an ardent supporter of the rights of her sex. Her father's interpretation of her programme is that she is "goin' to play 'ell all round," which, making allowance for a regrettable freedom of metaphor, is probably a fairly accurate statement of the case. One of the troubles of the Mayor is the well-supported proposal of a Councillor that the municipality shall provide—at the expense of the ratepayers, of course—public baths for the use of those who lack the proper accommodation in their own homes. I am not quite sure that this is a subject that we should have found ourselves over-ready to discuss in print before the war; but in these rough-and-ready times we cannot afford to be too squeamish. Mayor Chebs certainly is not. The old tub on a Saturday night in front of the kitchen fire has always been good enough for him, and he cannot see why it should not be good enough for everybody!

❋

A VERY ingenious turn is given to the play by the introduction of a Labour member, who turns out to be a man who labours with his brain in the production of successful musical comedy! As he very carefully explains, working men will elect anybody to represent them except one of their own class. And here they are probably right, since leaders of men are born, and not made. Mr. Gordon Ash plays this part most successfully, missing none of the really admirable satire that is its leading feature. The Labour leader is a distinct thorn in the side of the graceless Mayor; but his chief trouble is that his daughter has allowed herself to become engaged to a mere curate—a member of the worthy class always associated with very small incomes and very large families. Still, it all comes right in the end, because the curate turns out to be the son of a prosperous brewer, and it would be unreasonable of any father to ask more of his prospective son-in-law than that. What? *The Parish Pump* is in many respects quite a perfect example of what a modern comedy should be, and Miss Horniman is to be congratulated on the management of a company capable of giving so able an interpretation of so excellent a play. JINGLE

A Model Modern Comedy

Miss Horniman's latest production is a robust satire on the politicians of the parish pump with their restricted outlook and small ambitions. It is a capital laughter-maker for the times

The Bystander in Paris

SLIGHT COMPENSATION

"Well, the war is long, true enough; but, anyway, skirts are short"

(A Drawing by Albert Guillaume, reproduced from "Le Rire")

PARIS HERSELF AGAIN

A FEW months ago it was comparatively easy to answer people who arrived from London and asked you, "Well, old man, and what is going on in Paris?" Two things made the answer an easy one. The first one was that very few people came over from London at all except on quite specific business; the other was that nothing was going on in Paris at all. But things have changed quite wonderfully. Paris has settled down now to war-time as a natural condition, and the conditions of life here have adapted themselves to the war. An American who has been in America recently, and who has been in one or two enemy capitals since his return, made the surprising and gratifying statement to me this afternoon that with the one exception of London, Paris seemed to feel the war less now than any other capital. "Oh, but . . ." I said. (A journalist who knows his business always says "Oh, but . . .," when he wants the other man to talk.)

⁂

"IT'S perfectly true," said my American. "Berlin, Hamburg, Munich, and Vienna are terribly depressing now. In New York a few people are making a lot of money, but the war is hitting most people very hard indeed. The number of men who greeted me with a request for a loan of fifty dollars and left me, apparently content, with fifty cents. was startling. Men who were quite rich very recently, too. Now, I've been in the Rue de la Paix to-day, where the expensive shops are. I have been amazed at the number of young women whose purses seem to be as long as their skirts were short."

⁂

"BUT there's a lot of poverty here," I said, "and an immense amount of forced economy even where actual poverty has not got its claws in, and rents are certainly not being paid regularly, and . . ." "True," said my American friend, "but you don't see any private motor-cars, or even taxi-cabs, in Berlin and Vienna, and the taxi-cabs are busy enough here, while the number of private motor-cars is to me simply amazing. And nobody in Paris has to stint himself in food much, as far as I can see." My American friend's view may be a little too rosy, but things in Paris are certainly brightening every day.

⁂

RECENTLY, too, the receipts in the Paris theatres and music-halls have crept up to quite a respectable figure, and the principal effect of Germany's Zeppelin raids has been to increase the number of matinées without diminishing the number of performances weekly. Prices in the theatres are lower, but though the plays on the bill are all old plays, houses are crowded at the lower prices. The music-halls are all packed.

⁂

PARIS is certainly waking up again, not trying to forget the war exactly, not ignoring it, but taking relaxation from it when it can. The restaurants are doing better, and if little or no jollity—one hardly ever sees champagne unless soldiers are drinking it—there is plenty of quiet enjoyment. It is a pleasure, too, to see how everybody in a restaurant invariably gloats over the returned soldier with an appetite. I looked into a big *primeur's* shop the other morning. The kind of place where strawberries will be on sale in March. I saw enormous pears, huge apples, and fine grapes at long prices—luxuries which no Paris shop would have dared to stock a month or two ago. "Oh, yes," I was told, "we find quite a ready sale for them." Another significant thing is the glee of the management of the Trianon Palace Hotel at Versailles, because the hotel is to open again before long. They assure me that they expect a profitable season as soon as the spring weather comes. Since shortly after Mons the Trianon Palace has been a British Hospital. It has closed now, and will be a hotel again before long.

⁂

HOTELS like the Ritz, the Mirabeau, and others which make a feature of afternoon tea, restaurants like the Café de Paris and Ciro's, where the foreign visitor to Paris likes to look at other people's dresses, are doing an enormous afternoon trade. You have to wait for tables there, and money seems to be quite plentiful.

⁂

PARIS has changed in other ways as well. The Alliance and the *Entente Cordiale* have amalgamated marvellously. Knowing Frenchmen as I know them, the change in intercourse with them is very marked. The French and we have been friends now for a good many years, but there is a sense of brotherhood which has grown up and which was not there before. It would have been difficult, six months ago even, to discuss compulsion comfortably with a Frenchman. Now views are exchanged with as little restraint as though the conversation were between two men of the same country. And I should like to voice the eager desire of the Englishman in Paris that when the new law comes into force, unmarried Englishmen of military age in France may be compelled to serve. A few slackers may not feel so eager to do their duty, but the bulk of young Englishmen here are anxious that the British Government should remove any possibility of their employers constraining them to remain out of khaki, and relieve them of the responsibility of asking leave to serve their country, by telling them that they must do so. JOHN N. RAPHAEL

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"THE TACTLESS TEUTON."
"NO POSSIBLE DOUBT."
"GOTT STRAFE THIS BARBED WIRE!"
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"The Critic" as an Opera

BY FRANCIS TOYE

It must be very many years since an opera by a British composer was produced with such marked success as Sir Charles Stanford's *The Critic*. But, then, the whole success of the Beecham-Courtneidge season of opera in English has been one of the delightfully unexpected paradoxes of the war. "We first endure, then pity, then embrace," seems to be the right motto for the London public that supports opera.

⁂ ⁂

At any rate, there could be no doubt of the "embracing" so far as Sir Charles Stanford's opera was concerned, for *The Critic* was received as rapturously, above all as unaffectedly, as any musical comedy. The public possibly felt—it certainly did not know, nor, so far as I am aware, has it been told either before or since—that here was the very operatic counterpart of the revues which it so affects at other places of entertainment. For what, pray, is Sheridan's farce but a topical revue of the day? And what is Stanford's score but a musical revue of familiar composers?

⁂ ⁂

True, Sir Charles's score is learned—there is at times perhaps a trifle too much reminiscence of an Oxford or Cambridge professor writing music to an Aristophanic Greek play—but the excellence of the music lies in the fact that whether you recognise the quotations or not, the general spirit of the parody is so clear that you seize the point at once. In this the composer follows the excellent example set in the earlier operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, such as *Ruddigore*, where the extravagances of contemporary opera were delightfully satirised. Thus you know at once when you see the Beefeater leaning on his spear and you hear a grunt of trombones that your old Covent Garden friend, Wotan, is before you; or, again, when you see a gentleman and a lot of knights kneel down and pray directly facing the audience that those dreadful people in *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* are probably lurking in the wings. And, needless to say, you recognise the absurd conventions of Italian opera at every turn. Let me insist once again, however, that any exact knowledge of the music satirised is unnecessary; the *genus* is immediately obvious to anyone who goes to the opera at all.

⁂ ⁂

In this the composer is greatly helped by the admirable stage-management, which is, quite literally, everything it should be. But the composer can claim some of the credit even here, for his restraint in so cleverly subordinating the music to the words must have considerably lightened the difficulties of stage management. Naturally, at times, you think of Strauss's *Ariadne in Naxos*, which, as regards production at any rate, *The Critic* very much resembles. Neither, I think, are works of the highest genius, but how much more elegant as a composer is Stanford than Strauss! And that in an eighteenth-century setting is a great advantage. In any case, the musical Bystander can put his hand on his heart and say that he has rarely spent a more delightful or a more amusing evening. And for once in a way the public seems to agree with him.

Photo SIR CHARLES STANFORD [*Rosemont*

The distinguished composer, whose latest opera, "The Critic," a brilliant piece of musical satire, is reviewed on this page. Its successful production at the Shaftesbury Theatre last week formed a distinct landmark in the history of English opera

⁂ ⁂

Of course, we are bound to hear a lot about there being no sentiment in the music, and that, therefore, it cannot be really interesting, and so on. There is no one quite so sentimental as your thoroughly cynical professional critic, and he sometimes makes it a point of honour to labour the point—especially if the music to be criticised appeals primarily to the intellect and "contrariwise," as somebody used to say in *Alice*. But we do not live in the age of romance nowadays, thank Heaven, and not even the war seems likely to restore it to us. True music must always, in a sense, remain the most emotional of the arts, as it is the most democratic, but Stravinski and Ravel have shown us that in music also our modern tendencies lead away from emotion and towards colour and rhythm.

⁂ ⁂

"The Critic" is thus generically quite "in the movement." It offers nothing to the ballad-lover, nothing even to the worshipper of Mendelssohn and Schumann. It is just a great joke, a huge musical pun perpetrated by a very scholarly and clever composer. And why one shouldn't jest in terms of music the modern mind refuses to understand. The only legitimate criticism seems to be that being so modern in theory it is a pity that the composer of *The Critic* is not a little more modern in his quotations. The ideal choice would appear to lie between exclusively eighteenth-century quotations, which would have been priggish, and exclusively modern ones, beginning, instead of ending, with Wagner. For the arts love a "whole-hogger!"

F. T.

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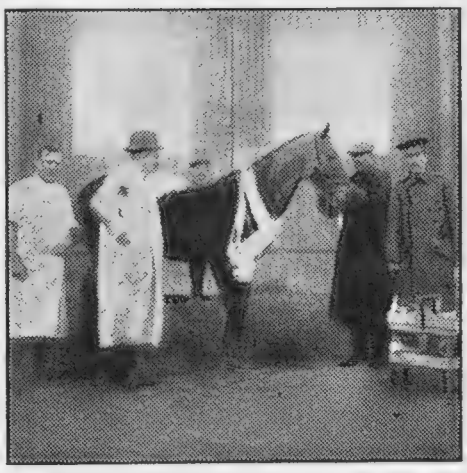

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Books of the Week

POETRY, FICTION, AND THE LIFE OF A QUEEN

Modern Poetry

TEN years ago the publication of a volume containing selections from the work of even the best of our contemporary poets would not, in all probability, have met with much success. Yet to-day a second volume of *Georgian Poetry, 1913-1915* (Poetry Bookshop: 3*s.* 6*d.*) is published, and you may see it in all the shop windows. So far from being the proverbial drug on the market, it actually sells, not only in hundreds, but in thousands. The phenomenon is significant, and yet not difficult to explain. I have heard it said that the death of Rupert Brooke, who is one of the poets represented in this volume, has been one of the chief factors in the new interest that has been aroused for contemporary work; and I have also been told that war invariably helps to popularise verse—patriotic expression, as it were, fitting itself so satisfactorily into poetry. But it is a fact that these Georgian poets of ours have something to say other than that they really and truly love their mistresses; they have left the ancient and hoary track of the minor poets of yesterday and altogether freed themselves from the detestably dull conventions of the last generation.

Mr. Harold Monro

This second volume, be it said, is quite as interesting as its predecessor. The editor must have had considerable difficulty in the matter of selection, but his choice has been admirable. One is particularly glad, too, to see that Harold Monro is again included in his list. Mr. Monro is a fine poet himself—witness his extraordinary poem, "Trees," which appeared in the *English Review* a month or two ago, and is now republished in book form in a limited edition—but he is also the originator of the now flourishing Poetry Bookshop and editor of *Poetry and Drama*. When the Professors of Literature of the future come to discuss the work of this troubled period of ours, they will not deny to Mr. Monro the very real services which he is performing to-day for poetry in this country.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MR. HAROLD MONRO

One of the finest of our present-day poets, whose work has deservedly received recognition in both volumes of "Georgian Poetry, 1913-1915" (Poetry Bookshop: 3s. 6d.), the second of which is reviewed on this page

An American Novel

The Story of Julia Page (Murray: 6*s.*) is a fair sample of a certain type of modern American fiction. Its author, Kathleen Norris, follows the British experiment of showing a particular life in full detail. Here, as in *The Victorians*, Miss Syrett's half-finished work, the chief character is a girl, Julia, a child of San Francisco, with yearnings, inherited from her mother, for "society." Her parents, who separate for a time, are not particularly nice, and you are afraid that Julia is going to take what the Lyceum people have christened the wrong turning. A chance conversation, however, about herself alters Julia's views. Instead of attempting to be "smart," Julia helps an old lady to run a Home, and after the requisite number of chapters marries the rich Dr. Studdiford, in this way achieving her one-time ambition. Then history repeats itself; there is another separation, because there was one incident in Julia's "past" which is not to the liking of Dr. Studdiford. (A man can be so *very* jealous of his wife's past.) Reconciliation comes at last, but the book is far too long. It is, however, worth reading because the writer knows her world.

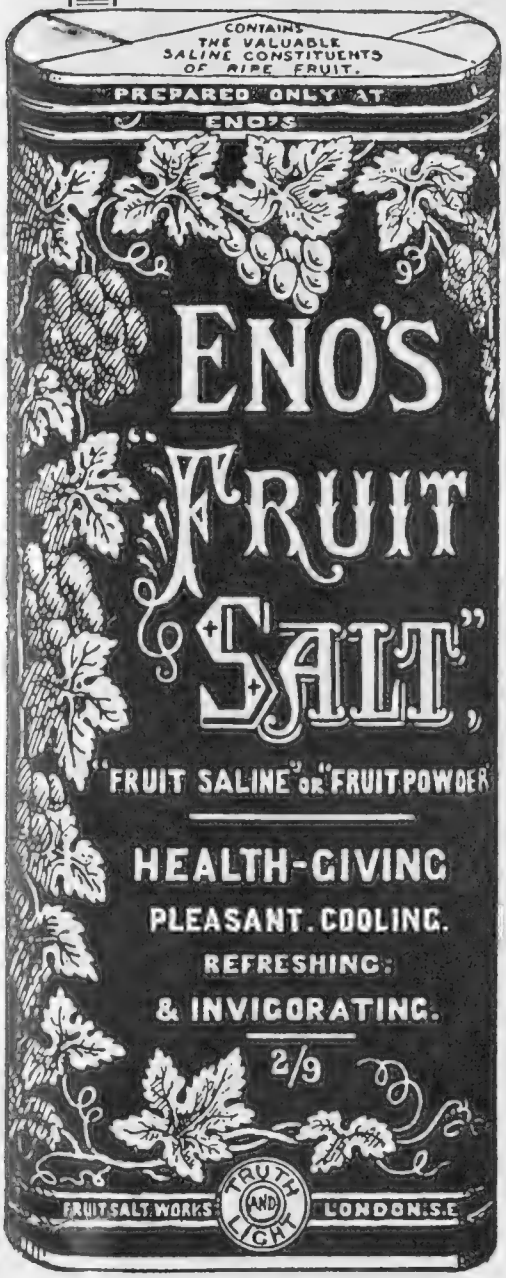
Muriel Hine's New Story

Muriel Hine's novel has for its hero a famous surgeon with an enthusiasm for eugenics. Orde Taverner, indeed, is quite certain in his own mind that when *he* takes to himself a wife she shall be the most perfect woman in every way. The lady duly turns up in Italy, but all is far from being plain sailing. The initial inquiry into her family history is satisfactory, but after the marriage a disclosure is made which for a time wrecks his happiness. There is lunacy in her family! As a good eugenist, the acknowledged leader of the movement, Taverner is obliged to tell his wife that she must not bear him a child. Naturally she demurs. Then follows one of those delicate domestic problems of which Muriel Hine can write so well. It happens that this decision on Taverner's part has come too late, and further complications ensue. To say how things plan out would be unfair to the writer, but they plan out all right in the end, and Taverner has the satisfaction of knowing that he has been true at once to the "Cause" and to himself. *The Individual*, though perhaps not so good a piece of work as *Earth*, is bound to be popular, for it has just those characteristics which the public demands. Also, it is well-written.

R. S.

(*Continued on page 172*)

MEN OF POWERFUL PERSONALITY RECOGNISE THE VALUE OF HEALTH



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BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded from page 170)

Adelaide, the Misunderstood

Everybody was very sweet and kind in the far-off days of 1839. Then the young Queen Victoria wrote in her diary that she had received Adelaide at her palace, and that the Dowager was quite shocked when the new Queen made her aunt go in before her. The diarist adds: "It must have been, I fear, a severe trial for the Queen Adelaide, seeing all the same servants and the same plate, but she behaved perfectly." There is no doubt William IV.'s wife was always good, but people did not care for her much, and said unkind things about her politics and Lord Howe and her home, which she greatly loved, in Saxe-Meiningen.

Pathos of Queens

For some, no doubt generous reason, those who come after almost always endow the Queens and Queens Consort of England with a belated halo of pathos. With the exception, perhaps, of the two daughters of Henry VIII., many of the later Queens are written of as being ladies of pain and infinite trouble. Of course, such matters befall all humanity as surely as sparks fly upwards. But I greatly doubt if ladies such as "poor" Queen Anne, who is chiefly known for being dead, and Charles I.'s Queen of Sorrows, and even the great and good Victoria, were more unhappy than the average woman of the world who is born to great possessions and a good deal of criticism. In her extremely agreeable volume, *The Life and Times of Queen Adelaide* (Stanley Paul and Co.: 16*s.* net), Miss Sandars is, perhaps, just a little too sympathetic to her Royal heroine. But if that be a fault, there is no other in this pleasant history of a period which has not been so fully and lightly dealt with since the late Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy wrote his *Sailor King*. The picture of the early days in Saxe-Meiningen, a perfect little State then where everything was nicely managed and comfortable and princes were princes, is admirable. The England to which Adelaide came, rather unwillingly, to be the wife of a Duke then fifty-three years of age with a longish past and a not very promising future, was noisy, a little disloyal, revolutionary, and more English at Court than it had been since the death of Queen Anne.

The English Court

George III. was intensely British, and his sons, although not very good people, were even more English than he. The Duke of Clarence, who had been so much at sea, was markedly insular and rather stupid—as one may know from a dozen intimate books on his period. And thus the London and the Court circle of the young German bride's day were not very welcoming or pleasant places. The new English subject, with a German mind, however, made the best of everything. Her curious husband and his vast family by the once lively Mrs. Jordan became her especial care, and notwithstanding her rooted objection to reform, she worked for the good of those about her, and received rather scant thanks. In Miss Sandars' book we see the whole comedy revived, with many amusing incidents and some passages of sentiment. All those who would understand aright the growth of democracy in the early years of the last century should know this book and the inner life of the unappreciated Queen Adelaide. E. M.

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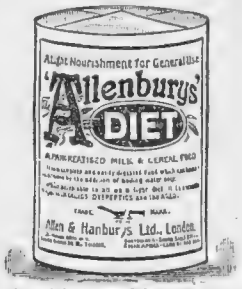

For Nursing Mothers, Invalids Dyspeptics, and the Aged

The DIET is quite distinct from the 'Allenburys' Foods for Infants. In Tins at 1/6, 3/-, 6/- each

The 'Allenburys' Rusks (Malted)
From 10 months upwards. In Tins at 1/6 and 2/9 each.

Write for a large-sized **Free Sample** *of Food stating age of child and whether Weaned or Unweaned. Also for* **free book "Infant Feeding and Management" 64** *pages of valuable information for every mother.*

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., 37, Lombard Street, London.

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Complexion Blemishes and their remedies

DORAKLEEN SKIN FOOD.

Dorakleen Beautifying Skin Food is unique in its stimulating properties, it not only clears a bad skin of all impurities, but also beautifies and improves a good one. It removes freckles and sunburn, prevents lines, crowsfeet, and similar defects; and produces a smooth, soft and flawless skin. Prices **3/6, 6/6, 12/6,** and **21/-** the pot.

LINES AND CROWSFEET

To eradicate Lines and Crowsfeet is the first aim of every woman who wishes to retain her youth. The Milles. Dorakleen have brought out a wonderful preparation to obtain this result, namely, Eau qui Brûle, a powerful preparation, which at once stimulates the skin to activity, and so the lines disappear as if by magic. The Eau qui Brûle should be used at night and the Crowsfoot Paste patted in afterwards, as this cream, by nourishing and feeding the delicate skin round the eyes, prevents the reappearance of the disfiguring lines. Eau qui Brûle, **7/6** and **15/-** per bottle; Crowsfoot Paste, **4/6, 7/6** and **18/6.**

BLACKHEADS and PIMPLES

These disfigurements, so abhorrent to every woman, may be completely cured by the use of **Point Noir Paste,** a delightful preparation for washing the face, which immediately reduces the enlarged pores, and clears away the blackheads. **2/6** and **5/-** per box.

UNDUE FLUSHING & SHINE

The Dorakleen Liquid is a remarkable preparation which overcomes oiliness and "shine" of the skin, and also reduces undue flushing of the nose. It whitens the face, and is most useful in removing dust, grease and travel stains. Price **7/6** and **15/-** per bottle.

WRINKLES

An effective Face Tonic is the demand of many women. This demand is fulfilled by the **Norsk Extract,** an anti-wrinkle lotion which refreshes and braces up the skin most delightfully, price **6/6** and **12/6.** Special Skin Tonic is quite a boon for dry sensitive skins, as besides toning up the skin, it soothes and cools it.

LOOSE OR FLABBY FACES

The **Crême de Cleopatre** is a new stringent balm, which strengthens and consolidates relaxed and flaccid tissues, and the beauty of this preparation is that it may be used at any time that the skin looks relaxed, as it dries in and makes an excellent foundation for Face Powder. **3/6, 7/6** and **15/-.**

A GOOD FACE CREAM

A good Day Cream that contains no Glycerine, which is so injurious to the skin; this function is fulfilled by the **Crême Lilas,** which used under powder gives the lovely soft velvety look to the skin, so much desired by all women. Exposure to the head and cold does not affect it, and anyone who uses the Crême Lilas will not get 'shiny' or greasy. **2/-, 6/-** and **12/6.**

A CLEANSING CREAM

To be used instead of excessive washing, which is drying for a sensitive skin. This purpose is answered by the use of **Dorakleen Cleansing Cream** and **Crême Amorette.** The former, besides clearing the skin of all impurities, absolutely removes any roughness or irritation. The latter has a wonderfully whitening effect on the skin. **3/6** and **10/6.**

Crême Amorette, 3/6, 6/6 and **12/6.**

NEW METHOD of ELECTROLYSIS

All letters and calls are only attended to by either of the Milles Dorakleen.

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Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

A GENERAL word on the importance of the corset, I am persuaded, will not come amiss at this date. It is not my intention, or my immediate province, to treat of any particular quality or build. But I am deeply impressed by the necessity of pointing out that the sooner we begin to alter our point of view as to what constitutes the right *ligne* the better.

Matters of primary importance are the raised bust-line—this is not excessive but it is there nevertheless—and the nip-in at the waist. The close-fitted bodice and the flowing skirt alike demand for their best expression a corset with these details. But so far there appears to be no particular need to dispense with the comfortable straight back and front, which are not only hygienically correct but also absolutely right. No fashions that come along should be allowed to interfere with that. But the woman who is wise, ere settling finally down into the new vogues, will hold long and weighty counsel with her *corsetière*. That garment expressing the right basis, the outer ones may be trusted to fall automatically into place.

The once true saying that a Frenchwoman finished with all the worry of dressing with her corsets, whereas an Englishwoman only began there, may at last be cast into the limbo of forgotten things. The Englishwoman to-day is every whit as fastidious as her French sister in this regard, and is well aware that failing the right foundation she may lavish money in vain to acquire the really satisfactory result. We have only one justifiable demand to see upheld at any cost, and that is a knowledge of anatomical requirements. Never again shall we submit to torture corsets. Health, to say nothing of comfort, is paramount, even with those women who are so-called Slaves to Fashion.

SIMPLE EVENING FROCK IN THE NEWEST MODE

An original model of black taffeta silk with underlining of shell-pink satin, with a fold of the same colour at the top of the bodice, drawn for "The Bystander" by Dorothy Millar, and more fully described in Mrs. Jack May's notes

The Loveliness of Latter-Day Lingerie

In proportion as the materials used for underwear increase in costliness, so does the simplicity of the designs. The craze for black underwear cannot altogether be slurred over, albeit it is to the taste and fancy of only the few. Sometimes it has its uses, as in a sort of combination suit comprising *pantalons* and camisole for wearing under some diaphanous evening gown. But a black *crêpe de Chine robe de nuit* seems a trifle superfluous, though this unquestionably has its votaries. Flesh-coloured *crêpe de Chine*, soft washing satin and batiste, however, maintain an easy lead, and their fashioning is of the simplest. Lines of open work stitchery, self-hems set on by the same medium, *picot* edging, sometimes smocking, at others a little hand-wrought embroidery on the material itself, are the most favoured decorations, lace being singularly conspicuous by its absence, and ribbon in one width, and that almost invariably a broad one, used only for some more or less practical end. There are no two opinions as to the superior character of the chemise, or American night-dress, one that slips over the head. It is becoming almost the exception to find any other, although it is a vogue that exacts a decided *décolletage* and incidental sleeves; while a very tome could be written on the infinite variety and the seductions of "Cache" Corsets, intimate underwear items that play an important part in connection with transparent blouses and bodices. But these must wait, and if opportunity offers, a short dissertation shall be accompanied by illustrations.

A Simple Evening Gown as Now Decreed

It looks as though we shall have taffeta with us for all time. For, notwithstanding many rivals, such as *faille, poult de soie*, and corded silks, taffeta sails serenely on, and is, apparently, accounted as valuable an asset as ever in the cause of evening gowns. Hence the original gown illustrated by Mrs. Dorothy Millar, a model revealing the farthingale skirt, its hem turned up in careless, intermittent fashion, to show one of

(*Continued on page 175*)

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded from page 175)

the decreed contrasting *doublures*, in this case of shell-pink, an excuse, moreover, to introduce a *jupon* of filmy black Chantilly lace. Taffeta again fashions the severe little corsage, which is supplemented by soft shoulder draperies of shell-pink chiffon, lightly veiled in black *tulle*, the sweetest little chemise sleeve concluding with frills of the *tulle*.

A Child's Early Spring Frock

The picture is certainly more eloquent than any words as to the style and character of this splendidly practical frock, suitable to a girl from about eight to ten years of age. In fine navy serge or "Gab" cloth with removable linen or lawn collar and cuffs, the exigencies of school could be faced with a brave heart. And for later season's service, what prettier design for linen, gingham, or casement cloth? A particular feature to be noted is the *gigot* sleeve, drawn into a deep cuff that is buttoned close to the wrist, gaugings giving shape and form to the fulness at the top.

PRACTICAL FROCK

Designed for a girl of eight to ten years of age, in fine navy serge or "gab" cloth, with removable collar and cuffs, and more fully described on this page

SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

The Dorakleen Cult of the Complexion

Practically every woman realises how important are a fresh, fair unwrinkled face, bright eyes, firm round throat, white soft hands, etc. And every woman can possess one and all, if she goes the right way about it. As was pointed out in a trenchant article in a daily contemporary the other day, no Frenchwoman, no matter how strenuous a life she leads—and the majority just now are absorbed in war work—allows herself to look haggard and worn. Apparently, and it is a comforting reflection, an appreciable percentage of Englishwomen are of a like mind, if one may judge by the constant *va-et-vient* at 57, Davies Street, Berkeley Square. Here the Demoiselles Dorakleen carry on a method of skin preservation that is truly magical, albeit based on common sense and a study of the laws of nature. Without any effort, and in spite of the war, they have, in an incredibly short time, gathered a *clientèle* of a prestige that comes second to none. And it speaks volumes as to the high opinion held of the Demoiselles Dorakleen that Society women, who are all now busy with war work of one sort or another, either make time to pay periodical visits to Davies Street, or else quietly and consistently pursue a home treatment with the aid of Dorakleen preparations.

Skins were never in greater need of attention if they are to be preserved at all than now. And it is with this belief very strongly impressed on my mind that I am eager to draw attention to the Dorakleen Skin Food. In addition to being concocted of the purest ingredients—these are guaranteed—this skin food is applied with the greatest ease, and does not require to be violently rubbed in or applied in any special way. It has a fine stimulating effect on the skin, and no matter to what clime it is taken, maintains the same firm consistency.

In large request just now is Crême Amourette particularly designed to alleviate rough skins, a condition that outdoor women are always liable to suffer from, and which the sharp stinging winds of early spring are very prone to set up. Or should the specific trouble be a loose and flabby skin, then there is Crême Cléopatre. This is just patted into the face, and dries immediately, thereby providing a good foundation for a light dust of face powder. When lines appear on the face, or the skin becomes marred by brown patches or the natural fading of age, resort should be made without a moment's delay to Eau-de Brûle. This is a powerful preparation which quickly stimulates the skin to activity, when the lines disappear as though by magic. Although I have already overrun my allotted space, I have really only brushed the surface of these unrivalled preparations at the Dorakleen *salons* full details of which, however, together with the attendant cost, are given in a brochure, which can be had on application to 57, Davies Street.

Royal Beneficence

Queen Alexandra has forwarded to the Committees of the Gordon Boys Home and the British Home and Hospital for Incurables, Streatham, cheques amounting to £7 17*s.* 8*d.* each, these sums being the result of the sale, during the past year, of the late Canon Fleming's sermon, "Recognition in Eternity." This sermon, published by Messrs. Skeffington and Son, of 34, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C., was preached at Sandringham Church on January 24, 1892, and has realised a profit of £1,818 4*s.* 4*d.*, which Her Majesty has divided in equal parts between the two institutions mentioned above.

A Gift-Book to be Coveted

Under influential patronage, including H.R.H. the Duchess of Vendôme and Her Imperial and Royal Highness the Princess Victor Napoleon, a book, entitled "Belgian Art In Exile," has recently been published. There are over thirty beautiful coloured plates, mostly mounted, and about fifty plain prints. These have been executed by famous Belgian artists now in this country. The book has been issued by "Colour," of 25, Victoria Street, London, and the proceeds will be given to the Belgian Red Cross Society, the Convalescent Home for Belgian Soldiers, and the British Gifts for Belgian Soldiers Fund. As only a limited edition, owing to the expense in production, has been issued, and already a large number of copies have been subscribed for, no time should be lost in obtaining a copy, which can be had from most booksellers, or direct from the Belgian Red Cross Society, 3, Savoy Court, Strand, London. The price is 5*s.*

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 634.—Vol. XLIX. Wednesday, January 26, 1916. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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WITHIN A SHORT DRIVE OF HASTINGS.

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(standing high in a beautiful and sheltered spot).

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, Furnished, or SOLD, charming old-fashioned modernised RESIDENCE, situate in matured grounds. 9 or 10 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms, lounge hall. Excellent stabling and small farmery. Grounds and orchard, etc., of about 5 acres, and about 35 acres arable and grass-land.

VERY MODERATE TERMS.

Apply, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

A REMARKABLE WAR BARGAIN. PRICE, ONLY £1,750, FREEHOLD.

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TO BE SOLD AT LESS THAN "TIMES" PRICE, this choice FREEHOLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE, situate 550ft. above sea level, with

PANORAMIC VIEWS EXTENDING TO THE CHILTERNS.

THE RESIDENCE.

GOOD HUNTING.

GOLF.

VIEW FROM THE GARDENS.

Carriage drive with excellent lodge. Seven bedrooms, large play-room, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, lounge hall. Motor garage.

THE PLEASURE GROUNDS

comprise wide-spreading tennis and other lawns, orchard, kitchen garden, greenhouse, etc., in all ABOUT 3 ACRES.

Full details of the Sole Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall, S.W.

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PRETTY HOUSE IN 5 ACRES.

HANTS, WINCHFIELD DISTRICT.

High on sandy soil.

TO BE SOLD.—This charming little PROPERTY, approached by drive, with good lodge at entrance: 3 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; stabling and garage; delightful grounds, with good lawns, pergolas, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard, in all 5 acres.

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IN THE NEWBURY NEIGHBOURHOOD.

FOR SALE, a well-arranged RESIDENCE, surrounded by matured grounds and approached by a drive: 3 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, and bathroom; acetylene gas; 2 staircases; stabling, 2 garages and cottage. The gardens are attractively laid out, and include herbaceous borders, lily pond, rose garden, tennis and croquet lawns, rock garden, kitchen gardens, etc.; the whole extends to about 4 acres, and is bounded on one side by a trout stream.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,441)

IN A BEAUTIFUL PART OF SURREY.

TO BE LET.—Furnished, on Lease or for the Summer Months, a charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, situated in a nicely-timbered park, through which runs a river affording boating and fishing. Accommodation: halls, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 20 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms; acetylene gas; Company's water; stabling for 11 horses. THE WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS are disposed in wide lawns, flower beds and shrubberies, kitchen garden of 3 acres.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 889)

SUFFOLK. 1½ MILES FROM A STATION.
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WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE, within easy reach of two first-class golf courses, and near good fishing: 3 reception rooms, loggia, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual domestic offices; garage. The House is expensively appointed, and has some fine Tudor panelling; shady grounds studded with forest trees, together with the adjacent land, about 20 acres in all.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London. W. (7,876)

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TO BE SOLD.—A picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: hall, 4 reception rooms, 8 best bedrooms and dressing room, bathroom, and complete offices; stabling for 7, garage; attractive gardens of about 3½ acres.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (7,736)

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£2,000.—**PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE,** in perfect order, 235ft. above sea; carriage drive: 3 reception; fine panelled billiard room, 9 bedrooms, conservatory; stabling, garage, cottage; matured gardens and grounds 2 ACRES; excellent water, modern sanitation; good hunting, golf.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (8,066)

IN ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PARTS OF SURREY.

BETWEEN GUILDFORD AND HASLEMERE.
ON DRY SANDY SOIL.

TO BE SOLD, OR LET, FURNISHED, this completely equipped COUNTRY HOUSE, standing in 9 acres of grounds, with
PINES, HEATHER AND GORSE.

The accommodation comprises: 3 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good offices, large studio, garage, etc.
ELECTRIC LIGHT AND TELEPHONE.

Full-sized tennis lawn, flower garden and pergola, large kitchen garden, and glasshouses, the whole extending to about 9 ACRES.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,383)

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SOUTH COAST OF CORNWALL.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for a few months from March, a modern HOUSE, situated on the side of a hill overlooking an old-world fishing village, and commanding lovely views of the sea and hills: hall, 2 reception and 8 bedrooms, studio; up-to-date drainage; garden of ½ an acre. Rent 5 to 6 guineas per week.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 3,337)

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SUPERB OLD PLEASURE GROUNDS,

richly timbered and containing moat and other ornamental water. Complete buildings are included, with homesteads, farmhouses, several cottages, stabling, garage, etc. Upon the estate are about 100 acres of well-placed woods and, for the area of the property, capital shooting is afforded, and a river intersecting a portion of the estate adds to its many attractive amenities.—Very highly recommended from personal inspection by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

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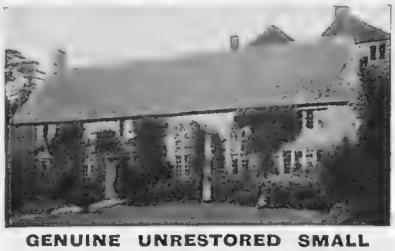

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11 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms; acetylene gas; telephone; stabling for 5, garage, men's rooms, etc.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

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HANTS (between Newbury and Andover, high; gravel soil; South aspect,

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Large hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 3, garage; charming gardens and pleasure farm.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

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THE MOST PERFECT POSITION IN THE ASHDOWN FOREST.

Facing full South, over 600 feet above sea level, with superb views. Sand soil. Just over an hour from London.

SINGULARLY BEAUTIFUL OLD HOUSE, with all modern conveniences, including electric light, heating by radiators, etc., and containing: lounge hall, 4 splendid reception rooms, complete offices, 13 bedrooms, bathrooms, etc.; 3 cottages, garage; well-timbered and matured grounds of about 16 acres.—Inspected and recommended as the most perfect and cheapest property of its size in the market.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

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£250 per ann., Unfurnished, with Premium of £200.

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AT A LOW PRICE.

Newly decorated. Overlooking and adjoining

EXTENSIVE PRIVATE GARDENS.

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THE MAGNIFICENTLY-APPOINTED TOWN RESIDENCE, No. 38, PRINCE'S GATE, is for DISPOSAL at most advantageous terms. It is situate in the best part of this favourite position, close to the Park, and has quite recently been

Entirely remodelled and brought up-to-date at very great expense.

Parquet floors are installed and handsome doors; white panelled walls; choice fireplaces; independent hot water. The accommodation comprises: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 well-fitted bathrooms, 6 beautiful reception rooms, wonderfully good domestic offices; 2 staircases and dinner lift; capital stabling with rooms over.

STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.

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MESSRS. HARRODS (LTD.) will SELL by AUCTION on MARCH 21, 1916, at the CROWN HOTEL, LEAMINGTON, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously disposed of by private contract).

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1,000 ACRES SHOOTING.
3 MILES OF TROUT FISHING.

CHARMING ELIZABETHAN HOUSE to be LET. Furnished, on Lease. In the prettiest part of Cornwall, surrounded by beautiful grounds, the Residence contains some 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, hall, and excellent offices; ample stabling and garage; carriage drive with lodge; well-kept grounds of several acres, including lawns, flower and kitchen gardens. Rent only 200 gns. p.a.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F.17,540)

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In charming country, near to the sea; South aspect, bracing position; 2 hours from London.

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BETWEEN NEWBURY AND ANDOVER.—A beautiful JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE in perfect order; charming grounds with tennis and croquet lawns; stabling, garage, extensive buildings and 125 ACRES of rich land. Freehold, £3,300.—Box M 2, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, for SIX MONTHS OR LONGER, at £3 3s. per week.—Charming detached HOUSE in private road, overlooking large wooded estate, with garden to private water leading to Thames, but high above flood level: 6 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms; garage, etc.; electric light, central heating. Beautifully furnished and recently redecorated throughout. 7 minutes from two stations; 5-minute electric service to Waterloo (30 minutes)—Apply Owner, 8, Broom Water West, Teddington.

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LOW RENT.
BUCKS, STOKE POGES.

Amidst pretty country, near golf course.

TO LET, UNFURNISHED, a delightful HOUSE, approached by drive with lodge at entrance. It has all modern conveniences, including
ELECTRIC LIGHT. 3 BATHROOMS.
Lounge hall, 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, and servants' hall.
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Tennis and croquet lawns, good flower and kitchen garden and meadows, in all 8 acres.
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A CHARMING OLD COTTAGE
in Kent, with oak beams and large open fireplace. Old-world furniture: 1 large sitting room, 3 or 4 bedrooms; 9 acres of ground, tennis lawn; miniature rifle range; Company's water; only 10 minutes from station; 1 hour from Town; good cook-housekeeper might be left.

5 guineas a week
to careful tenant.

Apply, Mrs. T., 73, Inverness Terrace, London, W.

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge, most agreeable to take
FOR
CONSTIPATION
Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Gastric and Intestinal Troubles
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67, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD (Corner of Castle Street), LONDON, S.E.
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The Famous Actress, writes:

"I find it (Pond's Vanishing Cream) very excellent, and a most valuable item of my toilet."

THERE is nothing quite so nice as **POND'S** —the original Vanishing Cream — nothing quite so delicate to use—nor so delightfully perfumed. This is the actual experience of famous and beautiful women, including Madame Pavlova, Miss Constance Collier, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, and Madame Kirkby Lunn. Your experience will be just the same.

POND'S Vanishing Cream has won its popularity by *sheer merit*. No massage required—simply apply (morning and evening) with the finger tips. No stickiness, no stain, no greasiness. POND'S has never been excelled. Refuse *all* substitutes.

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If you like the Cream, try POND'S TOOTH PASTE, in 1s. Collapsible Tubes. 489

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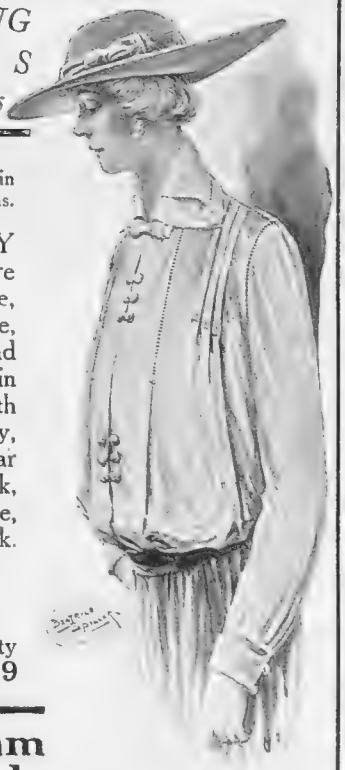
NEW SPRING BLOUSES
At Popular Prices



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21/9

Also in good quality Japanese Silk, **18/9**

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Lieut.-Colonel W. E. LLOYD, 19 (S) Bn. Manchester Regt. writes, 6th Sept., 1915:—
". . . Their durability is intense . . . Undoubtedly they last several times longer than a leather sole.
"The smoothness of tread is a revelation. . . . They prevent slipping, and I cannot speak too highly of them."

¶THIN rubber plates, with raised studs, to be attached on top of ordinary soles and heels, giving complete protection from wear. ¶The rubber used is six times more durable than leather.

PHILLIPS' 'MILITARY' SOLES AND HEELS impart smoothness to the tread, give grip, lessen fatigue, and are essential to 'marching comfort.' Feet kept dry in wet weather.

INVALUABLE to MILITARY & NAVAL OFFICERS, VOLUNTEERS, &c., &c.

FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.

Price **3/9** per set (Soles and Heels for one *pair* of Boots) with slight extra charge for fixing.

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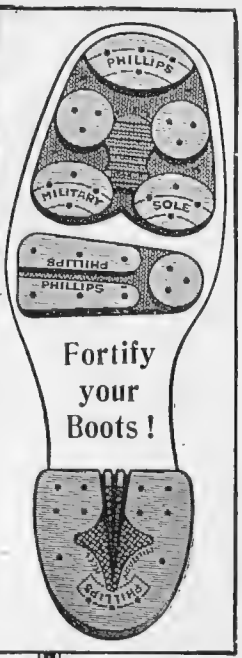

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BY W. R. ELLAM.

This bright and clever sketch reminds us in a very humorous manner that every Gentleman in Khaki, whether on duty or on leave, is never "downhearted."

It may be of interest to know the demand for this picture has been so considerable that the first edition was immediately sold out. Orders have now been received from the Colonies, and from France, Russia, Norway, Sweden and Holland.

Reproduced in colours, size 12ins. x 9ins., on khaki mount.

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" . . . . for a frontispiece I would have that picture from the Christmas Number of 'The Graphic,' which has turned railway bookstalls into wayside shrines: the one and only picture of the War, up to now, which says what most needs to be said on canvas."

—DR. STEPHEN PAGET
in the *Cornhill Magazine.*

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6½d. each. From grocers and dairymen.

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should surround beautiful eyes. Do you care for yours? Send 1/- for advice, brush, and box of

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a colourless eyelash food, to Dpt. B.Y., THE BALDWIN MFG. Co., 95, Wigmore St., London, W.

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FIELD BOOT

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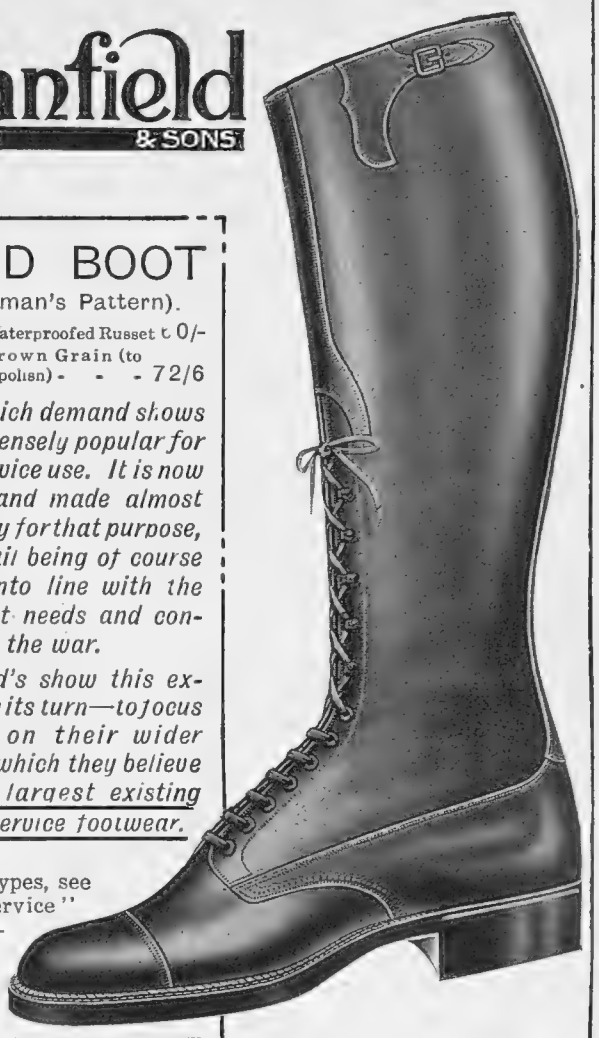
No. M556. Waterproofed Russet 70/-

No. M555. Brown Grain (to polish) - - - 72/6

A boot which demand shows to be immensely popular for Active Service use. It is now adapted and made almost exclusively for that purpose, every detail being of course brought into line with the paramount needs and conditions of the war.

Manfield's show this example—in its turn—to focus attention on their wider selection, which they believe to be the largest existing stock of service footwear.

For other types, see "Active Service" Catalogue—Free on application.



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The best Preserver of the Hair; it is the best tonic and dressing for ladies' hair, and should always be used for children. Also sold in golden colour for fair and golden-haired ladies and children. Sizes, **3/6, 7/-, 10/6.**

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is the finest dentifrice; removes all impurities from the teeth, imparts to them a brilliant polish, prevents and arrests decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath. **2/9.**

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Allays all irritability of the skin, removes redness, roughness, &c., cures and heals all cutaneous eruptions, imparts a softness and whiteness to the neck, hands, and arms, unattainable by any other means. Sizes, **2/3** and **4/6.**

Sold by Stores, Chemists, and ROWLANDS, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

BOVRIL

GIVES STRENGTH TO WIN.

MOTORING

THE WOMAN IN THE CAR

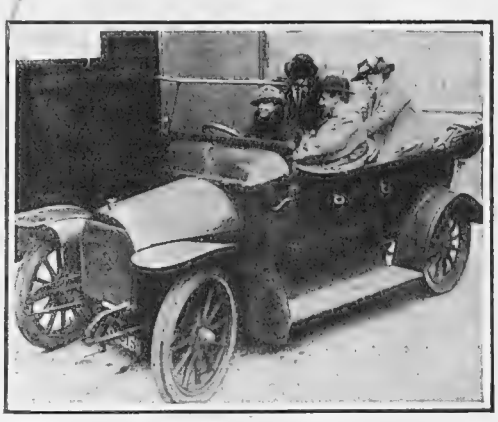
"Our Girls"

THE war has found one answer to the perennial note of interrogation, "What to do with our daughters?" The answer is, "Make car-drivers and mechanics of them." It seems to be an answer after the girl's own heart. The job appeals to her—at any rate, the driving part of the job. The girl hardly exists who does not hope one day to drive. There seems to be a fatal fascination about lording it at a wheel, particularly the wheel of a big car. True, the soaring ambition after decorative effect will have to be curbed somewhat if the girl (or her mother) is to play a part in the economics of motor transport. But even a small car, a public service vehicle or a delivery van, has its points. It has wheels, and an engine, and pedals, and a steering column; and it goes. The essentials are there; and if it is a matter of getting a living at that sort of work, why, obviously the type of car cannot altogether be boggled at.

***

The Basis of Judgment

THE question of how far a woman can take the place of a man as driver or mechanic is a question of temperament and physical strength. For the purposes of this act we must not harp too much upon experiences on the road in the *ante bellum* period. Then the woman-driver did it mainly as an owner, or the child or wife of an owner; and a most important personage at that. We knew her as some thing to approach warily until quite sure she was not of the type that knew no rules except that you had to keep out of her road. To-day we have to consider her as a hired driver, just a wage servant, differing in nothing except sex from the man; and from that point of view there is no reason why a considerable section of her could not quite efficiently drive, and act mechanic, and deliver goods, and wash down, and perform any other masculine feat within the limits of her strength.



THE YOUNG IDEA

And how it is taught to drive at the British School of Motoring, where the present concentration is upon the lady's course, a timely move in view of the shortage in male drivers

***

The Economic Factor

WHATEVER adverse opinions may be expressed will not affect the position. The woman, whether we like it or not, is just set on this kind of work, and is going out to get it. During the war she will have a good chance of establishing her case. What is going to happen when the bhoys come home and want their jobs, I do not pretend to know. Sufficient unto the day——. The day calls for woman labour. The day demands the service of the motor vehicle for industrial reasons if for nothing else. The woman inclines toward the driving of the motor vehicle. Result, the petticoat on the driving-seat as a common object of the town. But the woman is not popularly held to have mechanical leanings. A certain measure of mechanical efficiency is indispensable to the running and maintenance

(*Continued on page x*)

DISTINCTION

real and lasting, is only gained by achievement; and personal magnanimity, proved by achievement, has given distinction to the greatest men of every age.

Distinction among pneumatic Tyres has been gained by the "Clincher Cross."

The Clincher was the first Detachable Pneumatic Tyre invented, and the "Clincher Cross" was the first and only All-Plantation Rubber Motor Tyre to secure an R.A.C. 5,000 miles certificate.

For Distinguished Service *fit*

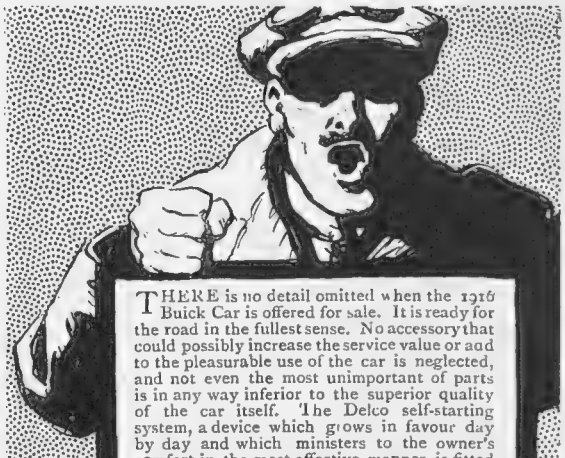
NORTH BRITISH CLINCHER

THE FIRST DETACHABLE PNEUMATIC TYRE

MOTOR TYRES

FOR COMMERCIAL CARS *USE*
CLINCHER SOLID BAND TYRES

THE NORTH BRITISH RUBBER CO., Ltd.,
169, Great Portland Street, LONDON, W.
Factories: Castle Mills, EDINBURGH.



THERE is no detail omitted when the 1916 Buick Car is offered for sale. It is ready for the road in the fullest sense. No accessory that could possibly increase the service value or add to the pleasurable use of the car is neglected, and not even the most unimportant of parts is in any way inferior to the superior quality of the car itself. The Delco self-starting system, a device which grows in favour day by day and which ministers to the owner's comfort in the most effective manner, is fitted to every Buick Car. This device also solves the problem of lighting, and is unquestionably the best method of ignition, lighting and starting that has yet been evolved, and it gives a finishing touch to a perfect car.

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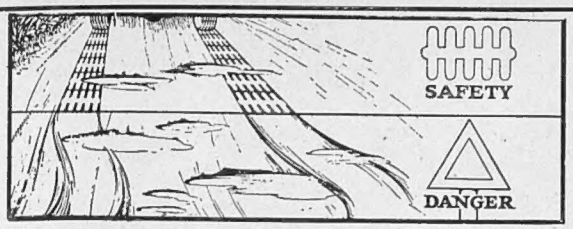
VALVE-IN-HEAD
Buick
MOTOR CARS



CROSS THE LINE TO SAFETY

FIT Good*rich* with the Safety Tread and take no chances with greasy roads. Drive with confidence, knowing that those resilient fingers of live rubber are gripping the road-bed and making you safe.

The Good*rich* Safety Tread is the nearest approach to the entire elimination of the skid yet devised. It is dependable. It misses most things that puncture. It holds the road and adds immeasurably to the pleasure of motoring.

When so many thousands of motorists have proved these things and refuse to fit anything but Goodrich, it is a good lead to follow.

Are YOUR tyres Good*rich*? If not, make your motoring safer and more pleasant by seeing to it to-day.

REMEMBER THE NAME—

GOODRICH

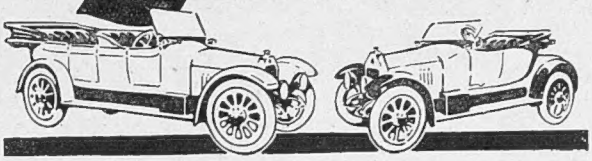
SAFETY TREAD

TYRES

Send for Descriptive Literature to the B. F. Goodrich Co. Ltd., Sole Makers, 117-123, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

BEST IN THE LONG RUN

SWIFT



PROFITABLE WAITING

By waiting for a Swift car until after the war you will obtain the full benefit of the experience we are gaining now in handling delicate Government work. Patriotism apart, it is better to wait than to buy now and possess a car behind the times when Swifts come back.

THE SWIFT MOTOR Co. Ltd., COVENTRY

London: 132-4, Long Acre, W.C.
Dublin: 15-17, South King Street.

LADIES LEARN TO DRIVE

1. The Courses embrace just WHAT LADIES NEED TO LEARN.
2. The FEES ARE the LOWEST in London.
3. You continue to learn WITHOUT ANY EXTRA CHARGE until you are proficient and satisfied.
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5. Training for ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB CERTIFICATES our speciality.
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Call or Write B.S.M., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.

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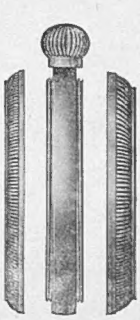


WILSON & GILL'S FAMED "*CAMPAIGN*" WRISTLET WATCH.
Luminous Figures and Hands.

Section showing Damp and Dust-proof Front and Back Unscrewed.

MOTORING (*concluded from page* viii)

of the car. How does the woman shape in this department? I went around to the British School of Motoring to make some preliminary inquiries.

* * *

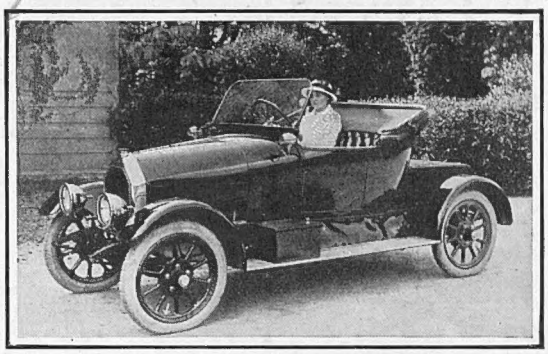
The British School of Motoring

THE British School of Motoring, which has its headquarters at 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W., is an organisation of instruction in motor-car mechanics and driving for both sexes; but, naturally, the facts of the economic situation in war-time have led it to specialise on the instruction of women. It is splendidly equipped for the work. The woman can take one or all of the courses. She can stop after attaining driving efficiency, or go on to running repairs and maintenance, or study theories and indulge in shop practices. She need not merely attend lectures; she can handle tools and operate machines. She works at the bench for her practice and imbibes her lecture around a chassis cut open to display every working part. How does she shape as a mechanic?

* * *

The Case Established

THE "Head" replies that she shapes, on the whole, quite as well as, and often better than, the male. He has not discovered any idiosyncratic inability to absorb mechanical things: no congenital sense of antagonism toward the machine; at any rate, not on the part of those who go on to take the theoretical and shop course. Quite the contrary. Of course, they do not all take it. Those who do may have a bent that way; but there is always a percentage who merely imagine they have a bent. So there is still an opportunity for the tabulation of reliable data even in classes of this kind. Those data are, I am assured, all in favour of the woman. The other data of value cannot yet be tabulated. We may be able to get them after the woman in bulk has been operating as mechanic-driver for a year or so. We must wait until then. Meanwhile the woman has established her right to a fair trial at the work, and until real reasons are forthcoming against her, she is entitled to free access to the road. Authority admits it every time it issues a driving license to her. Authority, therefore, in denying her the right to drive a public service vehicle like a taxi-cab, is stultifying itself. But, then, Authority always did stultify itself once it had the chance. ALEX. J. M. GRAY



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The 10 h.p. 2-3 seater model of the Humber car, one of the neatest and most efficient small cars on the road

NEW LIGHTING REGULATIONS. — Motorists whose cars are fitted with C.A.V. side-lamps, models "F.S.," "G.S.," "E.S.," or "B.S.," should write for a pair of perforated discs to C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Ltd., Acton, London, W.

THE 1916 8-CYLINDER CADILLAC IS THE SWEETEST RUNNING CAR IN THE WORLD.—For trial and further particulars write F. S. BENNETT, Ltd., 24-27, Orchard Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Telephone: Mayfair 2836.

CLAUDEL HOBSON Carburetters in the war area are giving consistently good service. In any area and under all circumstances they will give you service just as dependable.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.

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Price 1/6 each

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Send one to YOUR Soldier

We will send post free to ANY address at the Front a tin of these delicious and sustaining food tablets on receipt of 1/6. Give FULL name and address to which you wish the ration sent, also state your own name and address and write plainly.

Be particular to give regimental number, rank, name, squadron or company, battalion, battery, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department. State whether serving with British or Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

Horlick's Malted Milk Co.,
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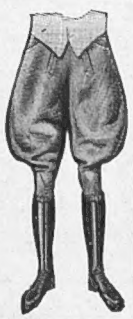

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MUFTI SUITS & OVERCOATS from 63/-
(As sold elsewhere from 4 & 5 Gns.)
Only Maker of 'HALLZONE' Ideal 'GOLD MEDAL'
21/- RIDING BREECHES
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The Menu: Some Dainty Methods of Cooking Up the Remains of a Ham

Savoury Ham Creams (Cold)
Ham Toast
Ham and Macaroni
Ham Cake
Beignets of Ham
Potted Ham

Savoury Ham Creams

Cut up 6 oz. of lean cooked ham, 2 oz. of cooked tongue, and pass both through the mincing-machine. Then add half a pint of thick white sauce, two small ripe tomatoes, and one dessertspoonful of Indian chutney. Add seasoning to taste. Rub through a sieve. Mask some small moulds with aspic jelly, dissolve ¼ oz. of gelatine in remainder of jelly, and strain into the prepared mixture, stir well, and fill the moulds. When set, turn out and serve.

Ham Toast

Grate and pound some cold ham, or pass it through the mincing-machine. Put it into a stewpan with a beaten-up egg, one tomato, a small piece of butter, and a little cream or milk, season with pepper and a good pinch of dry mustard. Stir till it is thick. Serve on buttered toast. This makes a nice savoury.

Ham and Macaroni

Boil ½ lb. of macaroni, and let it get cold. Cut it into inch lengths. Mince ½ lb. of ham, and chop up one large onion. Put at the bottom of a pie-dish a layer of ham, seasoned with pepper and minced parsley, then a layer of macaroni, on which sprinkle some chopped onion, and 1 oz. of butter cut into small pieces. Continue putting more ham, macaroni, etc., in layers until the dish is filled, and then add a layer of white breadcrumbs, some more pieces of butter, and a little white sauce. Bake in a moderately hot oven until the top is nicely browned.

Ham Cake

A capital way of disposing of the remains of a ham and making an excellent dish for breakfast is to take 1½ lb. of ham, fat and lean together, and pass it through a mincing-machine. Soak a large slice of bread in half a pint of milk, and beat it and the ham well together; add one egg beaten up. Put the whole into a mould, and bake a rich brown.

Beignets of Ham

The batter necessary for these is made as follows: Dissolve 1 oz. of butter in 2 oz. of water, add 1½ oz. of flour, and mix well together over the fire, remove it, and mix in one after the other three eggs, a pinch of salt, cayenne, and ¼ lb. of finely grated ham. Have ready a stewpan of hot lard or clarified fat; throw in the batter in small tablespoons at a time, and let them fry a nice brown. They take about ten minutes to fry and expand to six times the size. Dish up and serve very hot. (N.B.—2 oz. of water is four tablespoons.)

Potted Ham

Put about 1 lb. of ham through the mincing-machine (it requires to be done twice), and when perfectly smooth beat it well together with a wooden spoon, with ½ lb. of butter, adding it gradually. Then stir in a teaspoonful of mace, half a grated nutmeg, and a little cayenne pepper. When thoroughly well mixed, press it into small pans, and pour clarified butter over the top. If kept in a cool dry place, this potted meat will keep good for a fortnight, and is very nice for sandwiches for afternoon tea. Less butter will be required if some of the ham fat is used in potting the meat.

EMILIA

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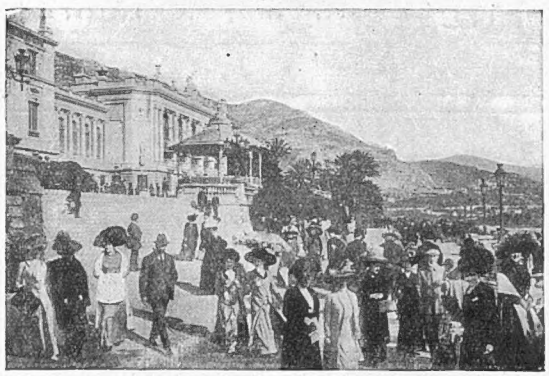

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